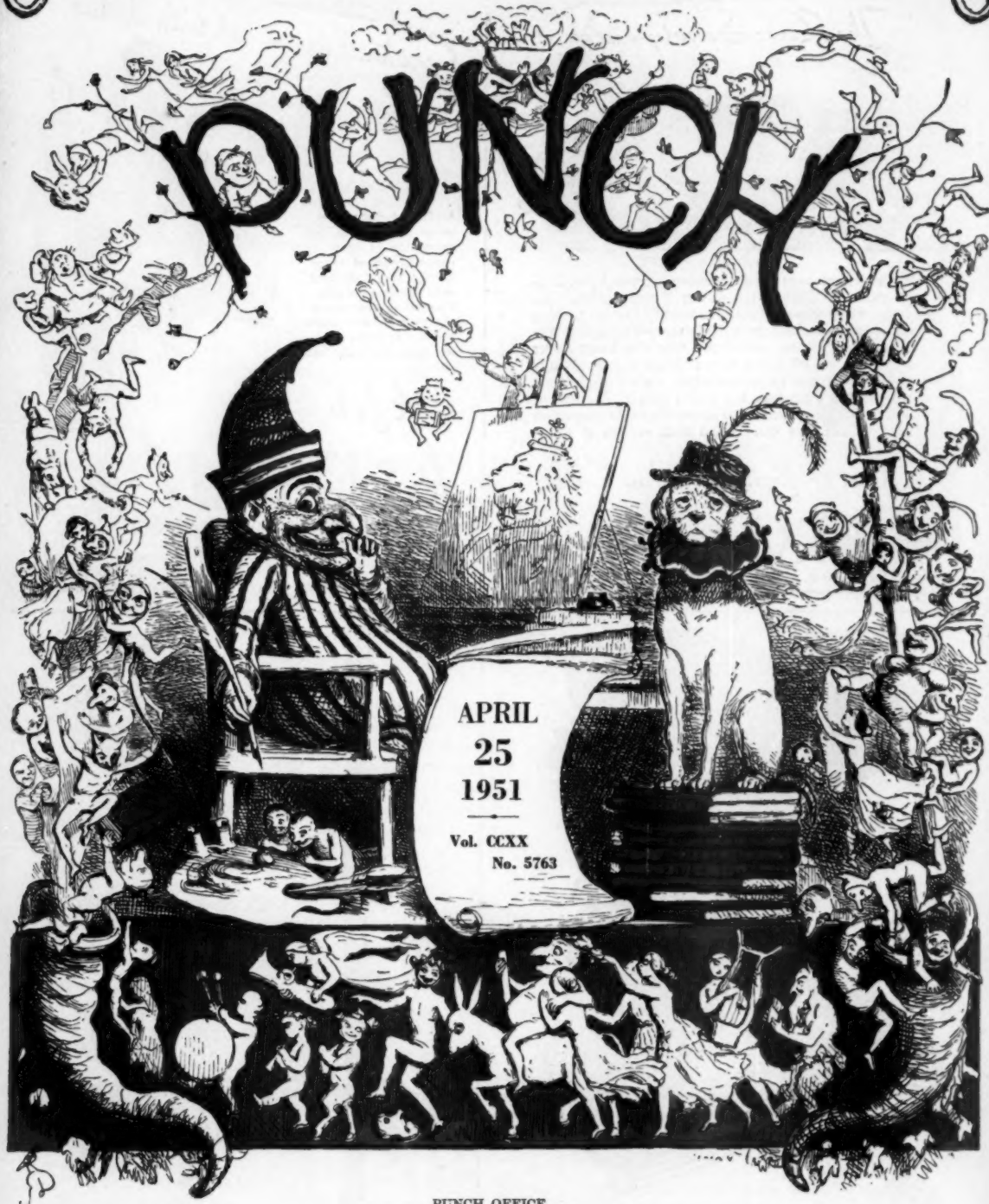


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25 1951

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

The Rover Seventy-Five



Extra performance need not mean increased fuel consumption. Witness the Rover Seventy-Five. Its designers — who produced the world's first gas turbine car — have obtained from the Seventy-Five a performance which will surprise even those who know Rover cars well, yet its petrol consumption is substantially lower than that of its predecessors. As always, it is not only what this car does, it is how it does it. At speed or loafing, the Rover Seventy-Five carries its six passengers with a luxurious smoothness that stamps it as:—

One of Britain's Fine Cars
ROVER

The Rover Company Ltd., Solihull, Birmingham and Devonshire House, London

CVR-150



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
MEDIUM OR MILD

[NCC 727]

Smartness doesn't end with clothes....



ANTLER Airlight Cases are an entirely new conception in light, reasonably priced luxury luggage, beautifully lined with adequate pockets. Men will also appreciate the spacious dimensions and styling chosen for their particular models.

ask for

ANTLER

from ANTLER Authorized
DEALERS



J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM. 3



Lindt

THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR





"I saved so much time—I saw them all under one roof"

London's
Permanent
Sales Centre for
BEAUTYREST
BILLWBED
DUNLOPILLO
RELYON
SLEEPPEEZEE
SLUMBERLAND
SOMNUS
STAPLES
VI-SPRING

The London Bedding Centre

Another JOHN PERRING Enterprise

13 Brompton Rd, **KNIGHTSBRIDGE** S.W.3. Phone: KNI 1777

Main Furniture Showrooms **KINGSTON-on-Thames** (Opp. Bus Station)
and Branches in the following towns

WORTHING	GUILDFORD	STAINES	EAST SHEEN	SOUTHBEND
OXFORD	TOOTING	SLOUGH	WOKING	HOUSLOW
CHICHESTER	TWICKENHAM	READING	RICHMOND	GRAYS

JACKMAN Ltd

I THINK that a threat to a man's comfort brings out the worst of his character. Take my case. If a friend drops in and I feel in hospitality bound to offer him my Parker-Knoll, I begin to harbour the most awful thoughts about him. I must exercise this Mr. Hyde part of me. I'll get another Parker-Knoll; I hear there are many more about.



To get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

PARKER-KNOLL

PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED · TEMPLE END · HIGH WYCOMBE · DUCKS

CVP-35

Giving a wedding present?



There's a lifetime of luxurious warmth
and beauty in

EARLYWARM

all wool

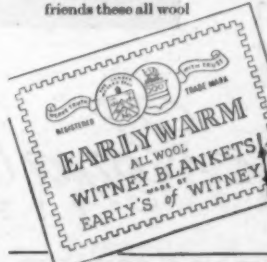
WITNEY BLANKETS

Good blankets last a long time — but Earlywarm last a lifetime! So decide now to give blankets — better still, decide to give EARLYWARM.

Of course there's a reason why Earlywarm blankets are so soft and gentle to the touch, why they're so warm and long lasting. They have a pedigree: they are made in the depths of lovely Oxfordshire, and have behind them a 280-year heritage of blanket-weaving experience.

But do see Earlywarm blankets and judge for yourself. See them and feel them. Then you will decide to give your friends these all wool

"friends for life". Choices of plain, coloured or striped. From the leading stores.



* Chosen and cherished since 1669 in the days of Charles II

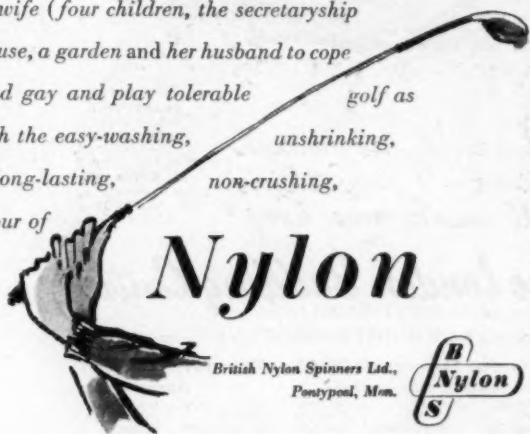
An EARLY Product from Witney, Oxfordshire



Something about



that slim, determined figure with her eye on a small white ball makes one wonder how a busy doctor's wife (four children, the secretaryship of the W.I., a dozen turkey chicks, a house, a garden and her husband to cope with) manages to keep so fresh and gay and play tolerable golf as well... Must be something to do with the easy-washing, unshrinking, quick-drying, little-or-no-ironing, long-lasting, non-crushing, eye-taking glamour of



Nylon

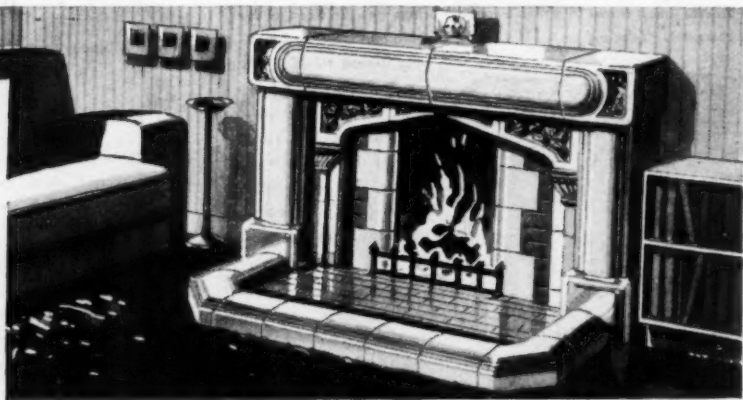
British Nylon Spinners Ltd.,
Pontypool, Mon.



You needed a fireplace designed to bring warmth and comfort to the chilliest corners of the room, a fireplace of such charm and distinction that friends would pay tribute to your excellent taste,

... how clever of you, then, to choose a

ROYAL VENTON!

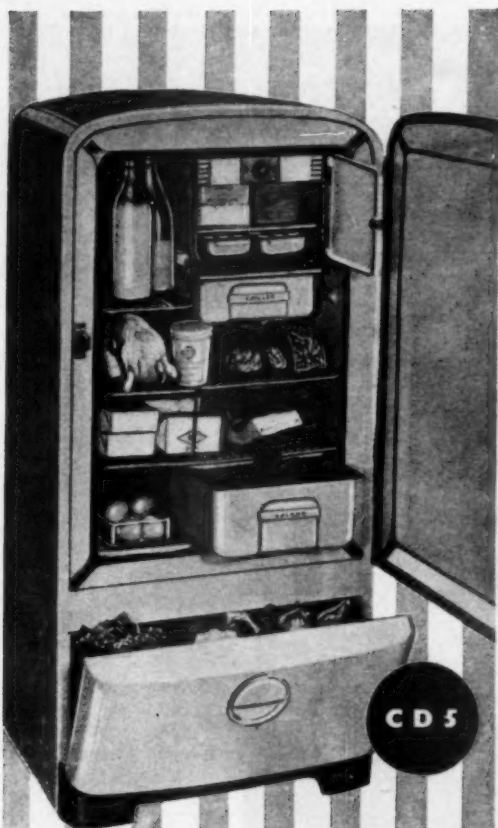


Royal Venton

FIREPLACES

JOHN STEVENTON & SONS LTD · BURSLEM · STOKE-ON-TRENT · STAFFS

Telephone: Stoke-on-Trent 84261/62 · Telegrams: Steventon · Burslem and at Middlewich · Cheshire · Telephone 152



CD 5

9ft. shelf area
interior light
stainless steel freezer

Coldrator designed sealed system
guaranteed for 5 years

COLDRATOR

INTERNATIONAL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY LTD

Stanhope House, Kean Street, WC2

and at Llandudno Junction

Member of the A.E. group of companies

Give your home the Blessings of Soft Water



You can banish forever the curse of hard water by installing a Permutit Water Softener in your home. This beautifully designed, modern appliance will bring you gloriously soft water for every toilet and domestic use.

- Soft water for bath, shampoo and shave. Kinder to complexion, hair and hands.
- Crackery, glass and silver washed to gleaming brightness without wiping or polishing.
- No hard water scum-line on bath, basin and sink.
- Saves pounds a year on soap, soda and detergents.
- Brighter and whiter clothes washed without scrubbing and rubbing. Improved washing machine results. Clothes last longer.
- Keeps kettles, boilers, pipes and radiators scale-free. Saves fuel and avoids costly plumbing repairs and replacements.

All models are available on very advantageous easy payments if desired. Please ask for full details.

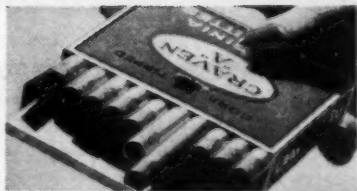
PERMUTIT Domestic Water Softeners

THE PERMUTIT CO. LTD., Dept. Y.V., 151 Regent Street,
London, W.1. Telephone REGENT 2972



"That exhilarating first moment . . ."

LOVE CAN LIGHT UP AT A GLANCE as a cigarette lights up at a flame. That exhilarating first moment may be followed by years of quiet satisfaction, deepening into unshakable loyalty. So it is with those who prefer Craven 'A' to any other cigarettes on earth. Because their rich tobacco, so kind to the throat, and their *natural* cork tip, so kind to the lips, make them a perpetual pleasure, to smoke.



Those who smoke Craven 'A' seldom care for other cigarettes



...so give him a 'Prestige' carving set

With an eye for beauty . . . with the éclat of a master, he confidently approaches his pleasant task. His 'Prestige' Stainless Steel carving knife is a masterpiece of form and quality. The heat-tempered blade of stainless steel is hollow-ground to have and hold a "chef sharp" edge. Now, that's a blade for a carving man! So easy to have or give. At better stores.



Prestige

HOLLOW-GROUND CUTLERY

7-piece 'Prestige' Carving Set . . . knife, fork, sharpening steel in handsome holder.



JAFFAJUCE ORANGE CONTAINS OVER 90% NATURAL ORANGE JUICE (more than 3 times the Ministry of Food standard) — plus, of course, pure sugar. Gold Cup Jaffajuce is available in Orange • Orange & Pineapple • Breakfast Orange • Grapefruit • Lemon • Lima 3/9 per bottle

I'd rather have a Jaffajuce



It's FOUR SEASONS for me

FOUR SEASONS DELICIOUS PULP, STIMULATING FRUIT SQUASHES Available in Orange • Lemon • Grapefruit • Pineapple • Lemon Maltol Available in 12 oz. and 24 oz. bottles



With Kep for sauce



you could eat a horse



★ but better still

try it with cheese, stew, ham, cold meat, fish or poultry. So many things taste nicer with Kep



This new
PARKER "51"
is 2 ways unique

It's the only pen with the

*Aero-metric
Ink System*

NEW FEATURES
NEW PRECISION
NEW BEAUTY

BEAUTY OF STYLE and performance combine to make this new Parker '51' the world's most perfect pen. Sleek and graceful to look at, its remarkable writing qualities are due to the great new Aero-metric Ink System—a wholly new, scientific method of drawing-in, storing, safeguarding and releasing ink, to give the most outstanding pen performance ever known.

You can identify the new Parker '51' by the silvery sheath inside the barrel. Look for it! Here's a pen you'll want to own . . . or give to some very special friend.

- NEW FOTO-FILL FILLER
 - NEW PLI-GLASS RESERVOIR
 - NEW INK FLOW GOVERNOR
 - NEW VISIBLE INK SUPPLY
- and 4 other great advances

LOOK INSIDE
FOR THE
SILVERY SHEATH

Parker "51"—world's most wanted pen

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

*Her letter made
all the difference...*



Charles combined business with politics—and made a tremendous success of both. It meant hard work and long hours. He needed a thoroughly competent secretary. The position was interesting, the salary excellent, and many had applied. But none had warranted consideration. The quest seemed hopeless. Then came her application . . . It was a literary gem, a letter in a thousand. The writing reflected good style, character,

fluency, efficiency, and was written on Waldorf Club, the noteworthy notepaper.

Waldorf Club is fine quality stationery of substance, with a satin-smooth, non-greasy surface that enhances the writing and speeds the pen. Obtainable in Ivory and Cobalt, in two sizes, moderately priced, at any good stationery counter.

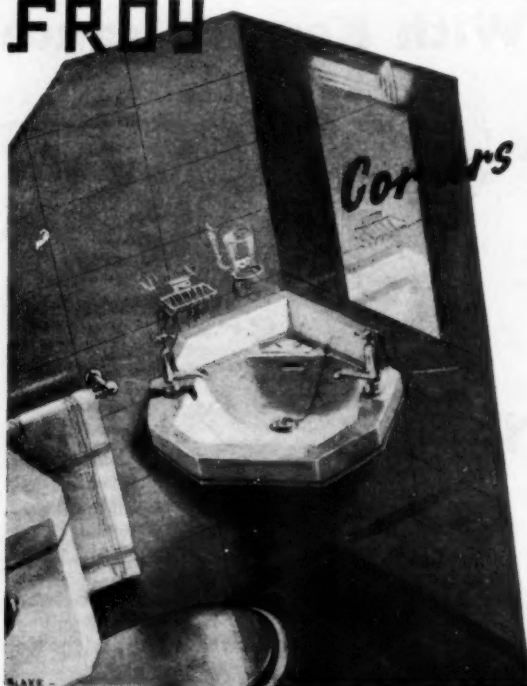
You'll make a good impression on

WALDORF CLUB

The Noteworthy Notepaper

NEWTON MILL LTD., 24/25 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

FROY



Corners into Cloakrooms

Many people have the idea of turning that odd corner beside the staircase or down the passage into an extra cloakroom, but hesitate in case the cost is too great.

A comprehensive range of all types of cloakroom equipment in white or colour is displayed in a section of our London showrooms, where you can be sure of obtaining just what you want at the price you wish to pay. You are cordially invited to call or, if unable to do so, write for a copy of our brochure "CORNERS INTO CLOAKROOMS."

Your local builder will be pleased to quote for installation. If in any difficulty write to us direct.

W·N·FROY & SONS · LTD
BRUNSWICK WORKS, HAMMERSMITH, LONDON

Showroom Entrance : 64 King Street, W.6
Telephone : RIVerside 4101 (24 lines)

COMPLETE BATHROOMS — PLANNED KITCHENS — FINE FIREPLACES



quiet, perfect grooming

"Man about Town" the well-known gift set for men of excellent taste—containing handy travel size pinch bottles of After Shave Lotion and

Brilliantine. Price 10/-.

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men:
 After Shave Lotion 8/4
 After Shaving Lotion, Travel Size 3/-
 "Tanbark" Cologne 8/4
 After Shave Powder 8/4
 Brilliantine 3/- & 8/4
 Scalp Stimulant 8/4
 Hair Dressing 8/4
 Lather Shaving Cream 3/-
 "THREE MUSKETEERS"
 After Shave Lotion with either Scalp
 Stimulant and "Tanbark" Cologne;
 or Brilliantine and After Shave
 Powder 25/-

For men by

Lenthéric

PARIS : 17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 : NEW YORK

For really
FINE
SOUTH
AFRICAN
SHERRY
 look for
 this label

A Number to please every palate

NO. 1 PALE EXTRA DRY

NO. 2 PALE DRY

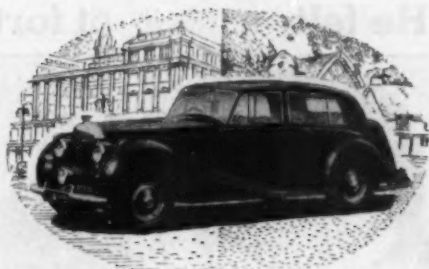
NO. 3 MEDIUM DRY

NO. 4 RARE OLD BROWN

14/6 a bottle



BEAUFOYS WINES LTD · KINGSTON · SURREY



For Town or Country

THE 4 1/4 LITRE

BENTLEY

MARK VI

The Silent Sports Car



BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LIMITED, 14-15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

When it's
 an occasion...

Morning Suits for
 Sale or Hire.



MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN & CO. LTD.
 THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2. Temple Bar 4477, AND BRANCHES

He felt "finished" at forty



Really, John, you're too bad. Night after night, I go to the trouble of cooking you a proper meal and . . .

I know, I know . . . I don't eat it. Well, I'm sorry, dear, I don't feel like eating—that's all there is to it. I'm too tired. I'm getting old.

Oh, nonsense, you're only just forty. And anyway, if you're tired you need food.

Well, let's not argue about it. I'm too tired for arguing, too.



. . . simply exasperates me, Mrs. Canning. He says he's too tired to eat when he gets home.

But, poor man, I expect he is. Life is a ghastly strain for men of his position. Just think of the worries he must have at the office—not to mention the work. Worries and tiredness have a direct effect on the digestion, you know;

Well, but he still needs food.

Of course he does, but not a substantial meal the second he comes into the house. Now, what I'd suggest is a routine order your doctor recommended for my husband. Persuade John to rest,

relax completely, for about half-an-hour before his dinner each evening, and while he's resting, give him half a bottle of Brand's Essence.

Why, what's so wonderful about Brand's Essence?

Well, what our doctor said was this: When a person—even a healthy person—gets very tired, his whole body slows up. Digestion juices, too. He doesn't feel hungry. He can't digest properly. He eats less and less and so gets overtired because he's undernourished. It's a vicious circle. But Brand's gives appetite again . . . That's why doctors recommend it for invalids.



FOUR DAYS LATER

What a day! This rush hour journey! Got any Brand's for me, dear?

Of course. I am glad you like it, John. I'd never have believed it would make such a difference to you so soon. Here you are!

Ah-h-h! What good stuff this is! I feel better for it already. What's for dinner? I must say, I do really look forward to my meals now!

. . . so now, although he's quite back to his old youthful form, I still give him Brand's Essence whenever he's extra tired or strained—and often take it myself, too. It's a meat protein with a delicious flavour. It doesn't contain fats, so there's no trouble about digesting it.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

Essence of Chicken 4/3 Essence of Beef 3/3



The occasion . .

Business-like, yet not too formal, the 'Spire' London Semi-Brogue is for leisure and pleasure in Town. Good leathers and neat punching give it its distinguished looks: good design and sound workmanship make it comfortable and hardwearing.

. . and the shoe



Semi-brogue in black or tan Medium fitting.

Spire

Write for name of local Agent who will be pleased to show you other styles from the extensive 'Spire' range from as low as 45/9. G. T. White Shoe Co. Ltd. Leicester

Unruffled . . .

Hair groomed with Silvifix Hair Cream adds remarkably to a man's sense of cool self-possession. For Silvifix really controls your hair . . . without gumming or greasiness . . . and lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Obviously it's something rather better than usual.

3/11 a jar, including tax.



ESCAPE TO THE PAST

The secret of happiness

THOUGH people, in the golden age of French cookery, were excited by wars and incensed by taxes, it was the table d'hôte that received the full force of their intellectual enthusiasm. But, even so, there were gourmets whose single-minded pursuit of provender disturbed their fellow epicures.

Fontenelle, who said the secret of happiness is a warm stomach and a cold heart, was one of these. "I am only a stomach," he would say. "It is very little, but I am content with it." One day, after inviting Cardinal Dubois to dine, Fontenelle discovered to his horror that the dignitary liked his asparagus served in butter sauce. Fontenelle preferred oil and vinegar, but he grudgingly arranged to have the vegetable served both ways.

Upon his arrival, the Cardinal was taken by a stroke. He died. Fontenelle rushed to the Kitchens shouting "all in oil", and then returned to lament his friend.

...

Today little remains of that age of fluent feasting. We can still thrill to the electric drama of a first night or the magic of an autumn wood. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Payer's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

"PERFECTOS FINOS"
CIGARETTES

PPA

VILLA PHARIS
Chantilly,
France

COPE'S STABLE INFORMATION

No. 9 of a series describing famous racing establishments



NO SERIES of pen pictures of famous training establishments connected with British racing would be complete without mentioning M. Bousnac's Villa Pharis at Chantilly. A well-known and successful owner before the war, M. Bousnac has created many sensations in this country since racing was fully resumed. He was leading owner in England in 1950, winning £57,044.

Villa Pharis—formerly Villa Teddy—was renamed by M. Bousnac when he bought it in 1945. Villa Pharis and the twin establishment, Villa Diebel, between them house about a hundred of the finest bloodstock.

Djeddah, Ardan, Arber, Caracalla and the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger winners in 1950—Galcador, Armana and Scratch II—are a few of the many thousands of winners which have been trained at this famous establishment.

The true thoroughbred is born into the tradition of the Turf. The House of Cope with its fine record of 58 years' service to off-the-course backers, is steeped in this tradition. An account with Cope's is a guarantee of satisfactory betting. Why not send TO-DAY for your free copy of our fascinating new illustrated brochure?



GALCADOR — 1950
Derby Winner



DJEDDAH — Winner
of Eclipse Stakes, 1949

You can depend on
COPE'S

DAVID COPE LUDGATE CIRCUS
LONDON E.C.4
The World's Best Known Turf Accountants

Great Aunt Sopho-
nisba Felicity

Knew very little*

About electricity



* NOT EVEN:

ELECTRIC LAMPS

ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS

ELECTRIC IRONS

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANERS

ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINES

X-RAY EQUIPMENT

OUR NOT VERY REMOTE ANCESTORS regarded electricity as a form of Black Magic which might, in some mysterious way, be 'good for rheumatism.' What, then, would they have thought of Associated Electrical Industries — in that leisurely age they had no need for time-saving initials such as A.E.I. — which is the parent company of a group of equipment makers spending an annual £1,000,000 on research alone? The skill and inventiveness of a permanent corps of laboratory workers and designers is translated by 55,000 employees into £50,000,000 worth of new electrical equipment every year. Figures to have given our Great Aunt vertigo!

IT ALL ADDS UP TO

AEI

Associated Electrical
Industries

Firms comprising A.E.I. include:

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.

Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.

The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.

Ferguson Pailin Ltd.

The Hotpoint Electric Appliances Co. Ltd.

International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.

Newton Victor Ltd.

Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.





NO OTHER DESIGN IS LIKE IT -

IT MUST BE -

IT IS -

a "GLOSDURA"
REGD. *Skirt*

GLOUCESTER SHIRT CO. LTD. GLOUCESTER ENG

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN YEAR

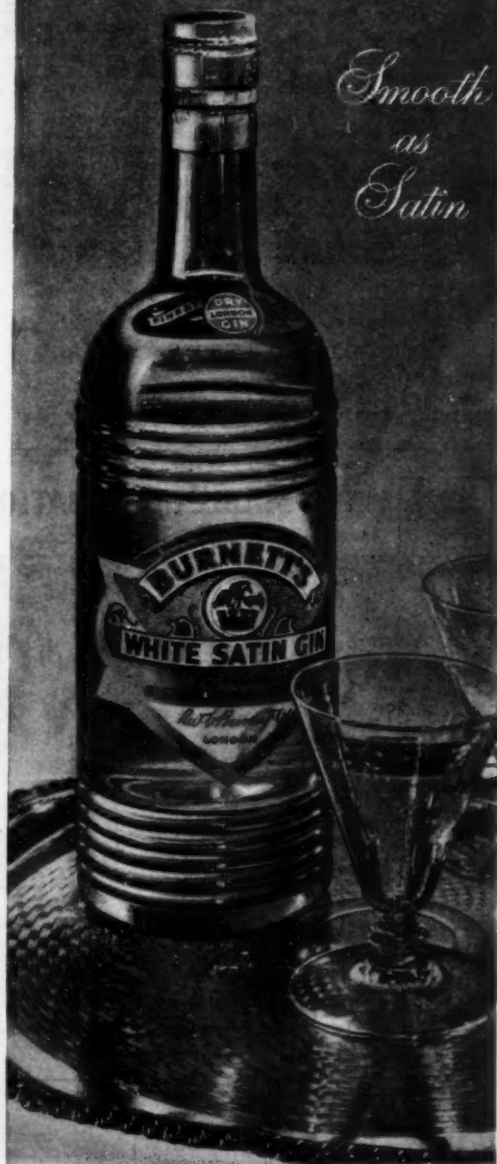


England at its fairest

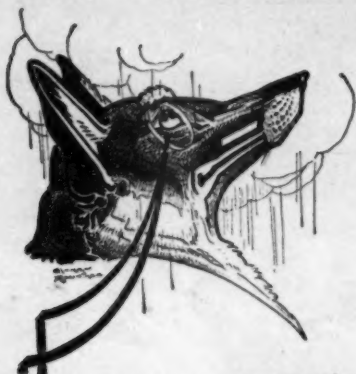
Banking Service at its best
NATIONAL PROVINCIAL
BANK LIMITED

BURNETT'S
WHITE SATIN GIN

*Smooth
as
Satin*



"Looks a bit **SINISTER**



—wear your **DEXTER**"

—the weatherproof that's equally at
homewith high societyand low barometers

... as British as the weather
—but reliable

Obtainable from leading outfitters everywhere

WALLACE, SCOTT & COMPANY LIMITED, CATHCART, GLASGOW



Swan side lever and
leverless pens are available
in a variety of colours, and
may be fitted with rolled gold
caps if desired.

Ask your nearest
Stationer or Jeweller

PRICES FROM
25/8
including tax

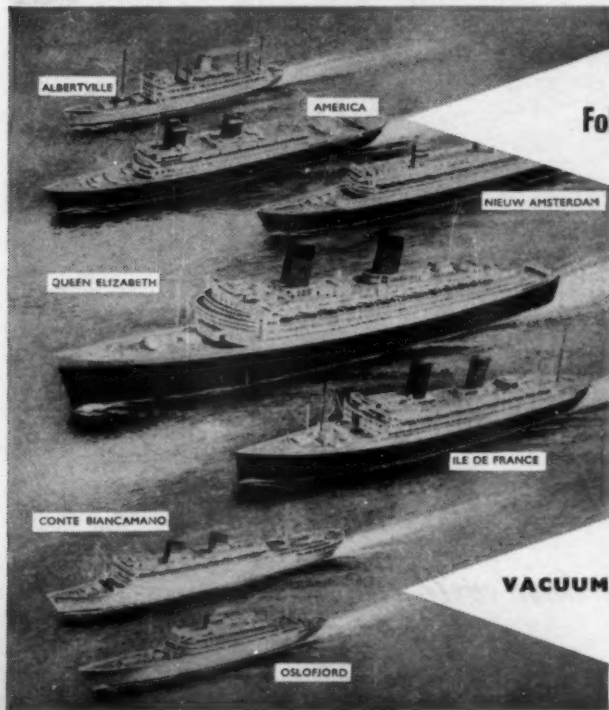
Personality pays

Featureless handwriting is like a dull personality. It carries no weight. Get a Swan pen and put character into your letters. There are Swan nibs that 'answer' to every hand—even the most eccentric. And what a joy to write with a real precision instrument—made not for a year of declining service—but for a lifetime of friendly use!

Swan Pens



MARIE, TODD & CO. LTD., Swan House, Whitby Ave., Park Royal,
N.W.10. Service Depots and Showrooms: 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1.
33 Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4, and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester 2.



Follow the **FLAGSHIPS**

... THE VACUUM WAY

The same lubrication service that is responsible for the smooth running of these famous ships is always ready to advise on the lubricating problems confronting industry. Those who make use of this service find they have access to resources and experience quite without equal in the field of lubrication.

A complete lubrication service for
everything mechanical by

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED

LONDON, S.W.1.

the makers of Mobiloil





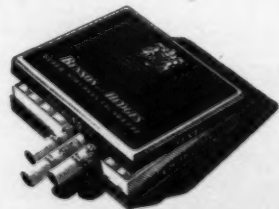
"You asked for Benson and Hedges cigarettes, Madam"

Occasions of unique and special enjoyment
call for cigarettes made by **BENSON and HEDGES**
to reflect the rare perfection and to echo the whole
contented mood



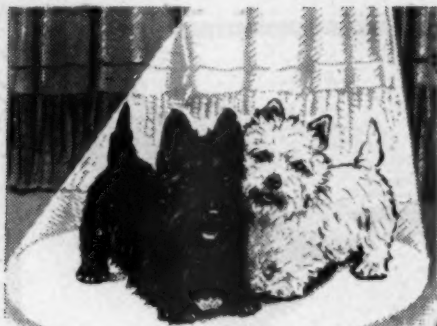
BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

When only the best will do



BENSON & HEDGES LTD • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W.

90W. 1.68



Out in front

There is more and more applause for "Black & White" and its ever increasing popularity is proof that this fine Scotch which is blended in the special "Black & White" way has maintained the regard of generation after generation.



'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
to H.M. King George VI.



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

IN THE SERVICE OF

RELAXATION



Someone once wrote that the time for relaxation was the time for doing something useful. Be that as it may, it is a fact that Johnson Matthey do many things useful to help provide those aids to relaxation that 'nourish the body and the mind'.

JM

SERVICES

Booklet 1000
will interest you

PRODUCTS AND MATERIALS UTILISING
GOLD · SILVER · PLATINUM

JOHNSON, MATTHEY & CO., LIMITED · MAYTON GARDEN · LONDON, E.C.1

G02P

LEAD



LEAD, one of the heaviest of the elements, is found in many parts of the world as galena or sulphide of lead. It is still mined in Northern England and in Wales. Lead was one of the first metals to be worked by Man. The baths of ancient Rome were supplied with water through pipes made of lead, and for centuries it has been used as a roofing material. Soft, easy to shape and resistant to corrosion, lead is still employed for these purposes, but today it has many other important uses. Large quantities alloyed with antimony are now used to make plates for electric accumulators and to protect insulated cables. Soft solder is an alloy of lead and tin, and alloys of copper, tin and lead are used for bearings. Litharge, an oxide of lead, is used in making flint glass, pottery glazes and in the processing of rubber. Red lead, another oxide, and white lead, or lead carbonate are well known in the manufacture of paint. In the chemical industry, plant and equipment for the manufacture and storage of sulphuric acid are lined with lead because of its resistance to corrosion.

I.C.I. makes wrought lead products such as sheet, pipes, tape and wire for a wide variety of purposes.

It also makes the compounds, lead-azide and lead-styphnate for the detonators used with blasting explosives in mining and quarrying.





Unique in size, in luxury, in century old tradition and, above all, in the scope and quality of its goods and services, Harrods is London's most famous store.

For the finest examples of Britain's crafts and industries, for all that is British and best — come to Harrods.

Britain's Best
at HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



THE

Eagle

BY GOODYEAR

Motorists and Tyre suppliers all agree: Greatest-ever tyre for high mileage, stamina, road-grip and handsome appearance.

The tread rubber is tougher, more shock-resisting than ever before.

*

Wider, flatter tread area grips more road for more traction, and wears more slowly.

*

The improved All-Weather Tread—with its new Stop-Notches for quicker, safer stops—resists every direction of skid throughout the tyre's longer life.

*

Handsome buttressed side-walls provide protection from kerb damage, and make cornering steadier than you've ever known.



DISTINGUISHED BY
THE SILVER RING

You can trust

GOODYEAR

FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR



CHARIVARIA

It is now being rumoured in the City that General MacArthur is to be appointed chairman of Fortnum and Mason's.

"Last year the firm found the British Industries Fair essential for the 'keeping up of the relationship with overseas buyers' and at the next show they hope to do even better business with a number of new lies."—"The City Observer"

That's candid, at any rate.

The best way to reduce the estimated losses on the Festival Amusement Gardens would seem to be to decrease the number of swings and increase the number of roundabouts.



"During my stay in London," says a surprised American visitor, "I did not once see anyone wearing a monocle." He could hardly expect the Budget decision on National Health Service spectacles to have had much effect yet.

Double Indemnity

"SPECIMEN OF LIFE CERTIFICATE
(a) I am alive today.

Signed.....
Pensioner.

(b) I hereby certify that Mr.....
whose signature is affixed above
has appeared before me and to
the best of my knowledge he is
alive today.

Signed.....
Form circulated by Nigerian
Government Department

"Attacks by gangs of innocent people are becoming more prevalent in the town and it is our duty to protect the public, the chairman, Mr. Robert R. Purser, told William G—— (17), labourer, of Surrey avenue, Slough."—"Evening News"
What's he after? A closed shop?



A Swedish domestic art exhibition features a kitchen sink which looks like an office desk. It is doubtful if a London husband, after a hard day in the City, would turn with much enthusiasm to a large pile of dishes in the In basket.

"How to Start a Guest House" is the title of a forthcoming book. Surely everyone knows the answer—install a television set.

Spirit of the Times

"He has a real interest in children and enters the teaching profession with a drive to make it a vacation."

Schoolmaster's testimonial

Now that a 66½ per cent tax has been imposed on camera portraits, photographers will find it harder than ever to make their sitters look as pleasant as possible, please.

Speaking on the wireless a pest controller said that a mouse in the pantry eats its own weight of food in seventy-two hours. Or would, if it knew where to get it.



THE BAROMETER

IT belonged to grandfather once, and it hung
In his spacious hall when we were young.

For us it was always a sacred rite
As we trooped to bed by candle-light
To pause at the shadowy foot of the stair
And tap the barometer hanging there—
VERY DRY . . . Stormy . . . Change . . . Set Fair . . .
Were the bedtime stories it mostly told
In those halcyon holiday summers of old.

Grandfather willed us his four-poster bed
And a sideboard the size of a potting-shed—
But his "weather glass" was all we could get
Into our "bijou maisonette."

We hung it piously on the wall
Of our four by six by eight-foot hall,
Flanked by umbrellas and steaming macks
And encyclopaedias piled in stacks.

But nobody taps it any more . . .
Not since the second year of the war.

"STORMY" the moving finger decreed
That night, and stormy it was indeed.
The breeze from an H.E. carried away
Half of the roof and all of the doors,
And the broken ceilings and window-glass
lay

Like frozen snow over tables and floors . . .
Only the gods of Blast can tell
Why the barometer never fell . . .
But there it hung in the morning light,
And underneath, like dew on the white
Litter of plaster, a million bright
Beads of quicksilver . . .

Somehow or other we've never cared
In all these years to have it repaired,
And its quivering finger has never again
Journeyed from "Very Dry" to "Rain."

And yet . . . perhaps it is nearer the truth
Than it was in the golden hours of youth
As it points to the paradoxical, strange
Immutability of "Change."

NOISELESS TENOUR

IT takes all sorts to make a world, and one of the sorts is us. We are the people nothing happens to, and we are here to make the other people even more interesting. We do this partly by contrast and partly by sitting up with them until two in the morning, knitting, folding toffee-papers, throwing coal-shavings on the dying fire and every now and then coming out with a "Good gracious!" or "How entirely fantastic!" We take some care over our epithets, and if a *mot juste* can add anything to these tales of fire, flood, earthquake and persecution by the neighbours, we add it. And with all our years of listening we've never been bored. Not only is the stuff as good as a novel without the trouble of turning the pages, it is a proof that things can happen in the world without us knowing at the time. "That would have been when I was living in Earl's Court," we muse, and if we fall to wondering whether the bus-stop outside the flat was a Request, and so miss a vital bit of the story, well, we're only human.

At least we believe we are. But when we compare our own lives with more spectacular affairs, we suspect that a certain strain of fecklessness has been denied us, as well as a fairy godmother hanging round with a bag of gold and a sledge-hammer. But whatever we lack is hereditary. Our parents saw to it that we weren't born in Alaska or Tahiti. England was good enough for them and for us, and that excludes fancy places like

Truro or Carlisle. Our grandparents in their youth neither visited the Russian Imperial Court nor fell under the influence of Ruskin. As a matter of fact they never had a youth. They were institutions who grew begonias and didn't mind us playing croquet with the hoop-banger. As for our uncles and aunts, middle-aged pillars of society even in the days when they called in on our nurseries to leave their half-crowns, they never dashed into our nice front halls, hung with engravings and clothes-brushes, shouting "The police are after me!" The only odd thing about them was that they were not only people, they were uncles and aunts, the way some fruit-drops are lime. And that hardly makes a story, not in the competition we have to face.

Then there is the matter of buying and selling. Our friends buy fur coats as we buy vests, and when enmeshed in financial difficulties—the sort that make ours look like chicken-feed—they do not stay there long. "Well," they say, "so we sold the refrigerator." And next minute the story has moved to Paris, with them having a wonderful time, so either they didn't pay the creditor with the revolver or they needn't have sold the refrigerator, at least that's how we work it out as we sit there tearing the corners off an old postcard. But what gets us is the ease and apparent profit of their transactions. We couldn't sell our refrigerator if we tried. For one thing we need it to keep food



"VICIOUSER AND VICIOUSER"

cold in and, for another, by working out the second-hand price for that year, and the likelihood of anyone taking a model with no guarantee and, as we'd be bound to tell the prospective purchaser, the thermostat about to go again at any minute—well you see what we mean. Our own answer to financial crises is to lose the flints we bought to get the lighter working to save matches in the kitchen.

Our friends have friends to suit them. Up at the top of their houses they have lodgers, inexplicable characters who lurk on the stairs with other inexplicable characters. At least in our own homes, where a visiting beard must be explained beforehand to the children, they'd be inexplicable. But to our friends they are the ingredients of life. "He used to be a lion tamer or something," they say, "and now he's in films only he never is, and he's inventing an invention, that's why he's always boiling things on the cooker, and that man you saw, he brings that sack and they can never get it upstairs." It is no surprise to hear that, while these lodgers don't pay rent, they have become a part of the household and keep it in caviar.

In their day our friends too have been lodgers, and then it is the surroundings, the landlady and the bailiff and the jazz drummers who are the eccentrics. The roof may fall in, and sometimes does in the story, but our friends are shown as maintaining their calm, their sweet reason, their amazing capacity for being in the right. That, we think as we sympathize, was our mistake in our lodgings. We never convinced even ourselves that the table was broken before we stood on

it. Another thing our friends maintain is dogs. They sail through life with a homicidal Cairn and three Great Danes all hating each other, while we can just about manage a sofa-shaped spaniel whose only feature is an addiction to cheese-rind. They have a piano too that someone in America will call for at any moment, and a huge cactus that drinks beer. I need not say much about our friends' parties, except that they are made of people who got in by mistake, and the whole assembly would be going on somewhere cheerful if we hadn't told it the time.

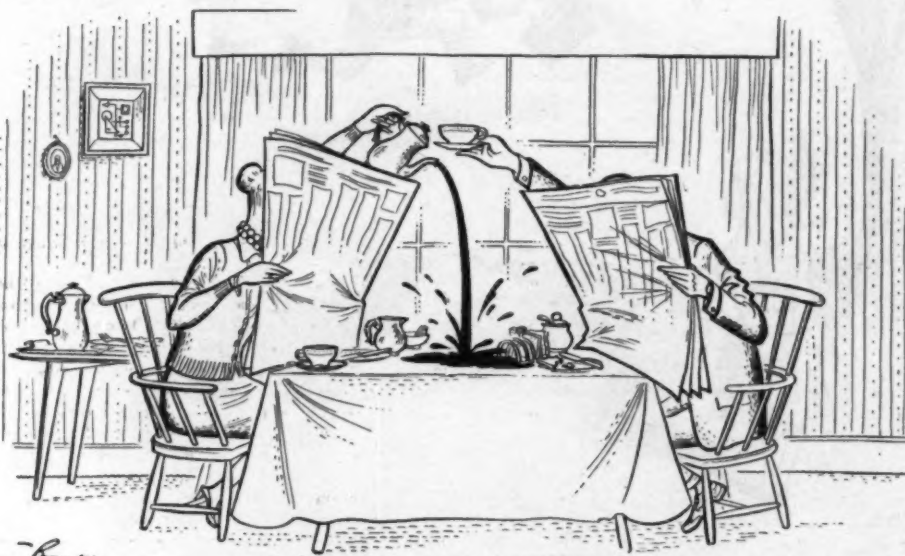
To give both sides of the picture I should admit that we in our turn have friends to whom we seem a little mad. Yes, we do, really. They're the people who call when we're doing some small painting job and happen to be wearing our best clothes and a funny hat we've just found. That on such occasions long-lost relations turn up, telephones ring, the tea-cups are full of distemper flakes and extraordinary parcels arrive for someone else makes it all the more falsifying, and I don't really see why I began this paragraph.

ANDE

6 6

SPRING SOWING: 1951

THE tractor labours up the hill
Drawing the clay-encrusted drill.
O rain-cloud, lowering overhead,
Cast not thy waters on our bread!



INTIMIDATION

EDITH threw down the *Munton Observer* with a cry of disgust.

"There is another anonymous letter from 'Selector,'" she said. "Ruder than ever. What he wrote last week about your batting was nothing to what he has written this week about your fielding. He says that if the catches you missed last season were placed end to end they would reach from here to Australia, and that when you chase the ball you remind him of a hippopotamus with arthritis."

I smiled tolerantly.

"Criticism in the Press," I said, "is the lot of public figures. As captain of the Munton Parva cricket eleven I must expect my share—like Denis Compton and Joe Stalin and Herbert Morrison."

"I am afraid," said Edith, "that you will soon pass out of the lime-light and become a mere ex-captain. For a long time feeling against your re-election has been mounting in the village, and these anonymous letters coming just before the annual meeting will probably prove decisive. Sympton and Brigadier Hogg are both after the captaincy, and one of them has no doubt written the letters to pave the way for his own election. Rather a dirty trick, I call it."

"I shall be perfectly happy," I said, "to play under the captaincy of either Sympton or Brigadier Hogg. I may feel it to be rather hard to be thrown aside like an old pad just because I was a bit off form last season, but I trust I am sportsman enough to abide by the decision of the meeting, whatever it may be."

The mysterious letters from "Selector" were the main topic of conversation in the village in the next few days. Everybody took it for granted that the letters were written either by Brigadier Hogg or by Sympton, but both men strenuously denied the authorship. This attitude did them no good.

"Of course they would deny it," Edith said. "A man who was unsporting enough to write anonymous letters on such a subject would certainly not admit his guilt."



"Did you lock it?"

A third letter appeared on the very day of the annual meeting. This time, instead of criticizing my batting or my fielding, it criticized my captaincy, and particularly my selection of the team. It accused me of persevering with what it described as "a gang of decrepit and spavined cripples," instead of giving young blood a trial. It then went on to criticize each member of the team, one by one, and concluded with the statement that only Brigadier Hogg and Sympton were really worth their places.

When I got home from the meeting I found Edith waiting up

for me. She asked how things had gone.

"I am glad to say," I told her, "that I was re-elected by a handsome majority. Only two votes were cast against me, probably those of Sympton and Brigadier Hogg. As the chairman said in his opening speech, the members refused to be stampeded into making a change in the captaincy by scurrilous letters to the Press, or any other form of intimidation."

Edith said that the writer of the letters must be feeling pretty badly about the result of his efforts. I did not disillusion her. D. H. BARBER

BUILD THIS SMASHING AIRSHIP

HOW about making yourselves a super hundred-and-eight-foot non-rigid airship, fellows, complete with real aero engine? All you need is an old silk envelope, which your local observation-balloon squadron will let you have for a few pounds; a couple of dozen lengths of steel tubing in various gauges; some aluminium sheet for covering the car and Perspex for the windows; a few lengths of spruce for the frames of the control-surfaces; and a seventy-five-horse aero-engine with a four-bladed airscrew for it to drive. You will also want all your spare time for the next couple of years, inexhaustible enthusiasm, a pronounced sense of humour and thirty-five years' experience with airships and balloons. You will find that building and flying this wizard dirigible will give hours of enjoyment.

Of course, it is not easy to assemble all this equipment together, and it is therefore hardly surprising that, to the best of our knowledge, there is only one person in the country at present building his own airship. This is Lord Ventry; to be more accurate, he is directing a three-man team, and the airship they are building, the *Bournemouth*, is not strictly his own but the property of the Airship Club. It was a visit to Lord Ventry's workshop that caused us momentarily to drop into the language of the *Boys' Companion* Hobbies' Page, for, in spite

of his firm belief in the tactical value of airships, he cannot hide for a moment the fact that he regards the whole enterprise as the most enormous fun.

Lord Ventry has been an airship fan since the first world war. Airships and balloons are to him what yachts and sailing-dinghies are to the marine-minded. During the second world war he served with balloons, and when it was over he acquired the envelope of an observation-balloon for twenty-five pounds. It might always come in useful, he no doubt felt; but of course once he had got it he immediately felt the urge to hang a car underneath it. A car containing an engine.

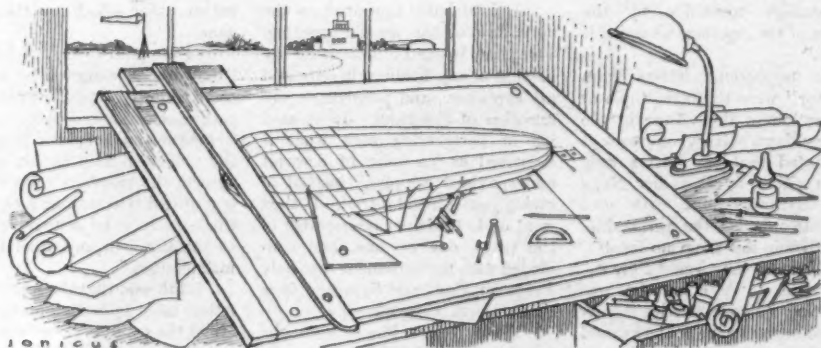
Dirigible airships are not built as light-heartedly as rustic garden-seats, however, and a little serious planning had to be done. It is doubtful if any fully-detailed working drawings were prepared at the time, and, though they have had to be prepared since, it is only because there has been some absurd suggestion that the airship could not be granted a Certificate of Airworthiness without them. After construction had been under way for a while it became clear that the venture was a little too large for single-handed private enterprise, and Lord Ventry formed the Airship Club to take it over. "We're a rather remarkable organization," he told us. "We're the only airship club in the world; and we have

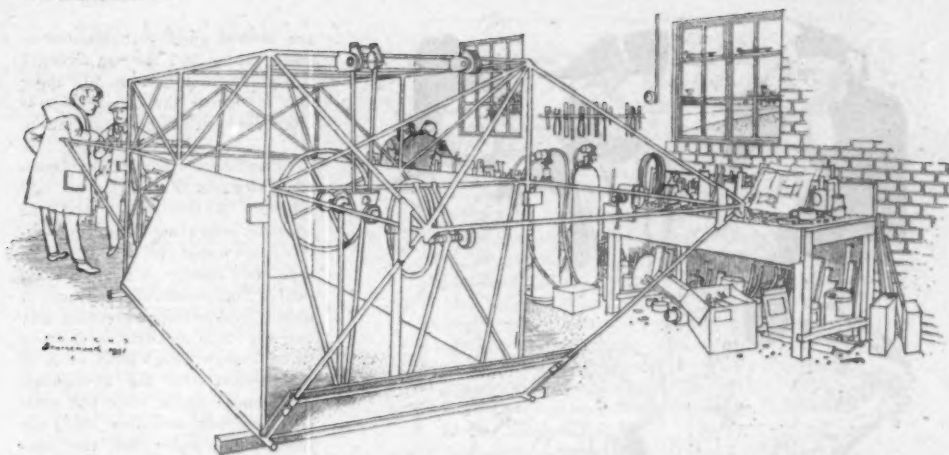
some two hundred and thirty members without, so far, an airship."

It is a bit more than eighteen months since work on the *Bournemouth* began, and she is now well on towards completion. The envelope, boarded out at a Godalming factory, which put a gusset in its middle to enlarge its capacity (to forty-five thousand cubic feet) and its lift, is now at Cardington awaiting the rest of the ship. In the home workshop at Bournemouth they have virtually finished the car, a cat's cradle of tubing boxed in with aluminium sheet and provided with a handsome transparent nose of Perspex. The engine, when we saw it, was ready on its mounting, but had not been placed in position at the stern of the car because some difficulty seemed to have arisen about a fireproof bulkhead. "Lot of nonsense," Lord Ventry said. "If the engine catches fire, which it won't, anyway, we can perfectly well put it out with one of the extinguishers. These people will think they're dealing with aeroplanes; it doesn't strike them that even if our engine stopped altogether we could stay up more or less indefinitely and work on it."

"Actually, we've allowed twenty pounds' weight for fire-fighting equipment," he added. "We've got four extinguishers. Surely that ought to be enough for them."

"They only weigh three pounds each, incidentally," Mr. Leith observed. Mr. A. C. Leith is the





secretary of the Airship Club and the chief mechanical engineer, as it were, of the *Bournemouth*: he is a convert from heavier-than-air flying.

"Then we've got eight pounds in hand," said Lord Ventry. "Hooray!"

"Ah, but the mountings weigh five pounds," Mr. Leith warned him.

"Oh, dash it," Lord Ventry said. Weight is the great enemy of the airship builder; when the time for their first flight approaches the crew will go into training as seriously as Lester Piggott.

The performance of the *Bournemouth* will be modest compared with that of, say, the *Brabazon*. Her normal crew will number three, and with those aboard she can stay up for ten hours at a time. For short flights, however, she can hold six in reasonable comfort, the car being fifteen feet long by four broad. She will cruise in the ordinary way at between three hundred and six hundred feet, and at thirty miles an hour. Flat out, she will achieve ten miles an hour more; but above this speed there will be a tendency for the nose to turn inside-out.

Flying her sounds so ridiculously simple that there must be a snag somewhere not patent to the inquiring layman. In the first place, there is no risk at all of a crash at take-off. If everything has worked out properly and the whole outfit, with the envelope inflated with

hydrogen, is lighter than air, she will take off. If for any reason—if for example a careless mechanic has filled the envelope with oxygen by mistake—she is not lighter than air, she will stay where she is.

Assuming, however, that she does take off, you have only to keep on your selected course and cast an occasional eye on your handful of instruments. Steering is done with a steering-wheel the size and shape of a car's; a second wheel, mounted beside the first one but at right-angles to it, controls the fore-and-aft trim. The notably austere instrument panel includes a clock and a compass, an altitude-meter and a rate-of-climb meter; a speedometer, to warn the engineer to throttle down before the nose begins to turn inside-out; an oil-temperature gauge, to tell the crew if the engine is likely to catch fire; and a couple of manometers which record the pressure in the envelope and ballonets. Compared with the astonishing array of dials, switches, buttons, levers, pumps and what-have-you which festoon the cockpit of a modern aeroplane, this is simplicity indeed. No doubt there are lots of switches, dials and pumps that Lord Ventry and his team would like to have incorporated, but the Demon Weight forbade.

The *Bournemouth* is due to make her maiden flight some time next month; her first official function will be a visit to Maidenhead on May 6.

Bournemouth Corporation, who have taken a generous practical interest in the project for some time—hence the name—have retained her as one of their attractions for the Festival of Britain, and will thus have a cast iron claim to be the first corporation in the country to have an airship in its Festival programme. The maiden flight and the initial trials will be at Cardington, the pilots being Lord Ventry, Mr. Leith, and Squadron-Leader T. P. York-Moore, who already has over two thousand hours' flying time in lighter-than-air craft to his credit.

After carrying out her Bournemouth contract, the airship will revert to what is, after all, her primary function and will be used for pleasure and propaganda by the members of the Airship Club. Operational costs work out at something in the region of ten pounds an hour; but one of the charms of airship flight is that when you feel like it you can switch off your engine and do a bit of free ballooning. The cost of this operation is nil. During the year it is hoped that the *Bournemouth* will visit air meetings all over Britain and plead the cause of lighter-than-air flying.

Our guess is that Lord Ventry may not be with her much. He will be, we imagine, in his workshop at Bournemouth, planning another airship—one just about a hundred and nine feet long. B. A. YOUNG



AT THE PICTURES

Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.—Tom Brown's School Days

IT seems a good long time—I think it is in fact about ten years—since I remarked here on what might be called the tyranny of the “angle” in the job of writing about films. There are always plenty of things to be said about a given film; the trouble is that one can’t simply put them down as so many detached observations, just like that. Ideally there should be some attempt at a reasoned opinion about the film, stated to begin with and illustrated by examples; and if there is nothing very definite to be said for or against at least there has to be an “angle” of approach. It is this necessity to start with an argument or an “angle” that may lead sometimes to unfairness, for there are some films—and for me, *Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.* (Director: RAOUL WALSH) is one—no point about which makes a strong enough impression to suggest a main line of criticism. Picking one out (it may be the fact of an English story’s being made by Hollywood people,

or the presence or absence of background music) gives it an unreasonable prominence and may leave the reader with the unjustified impression that it is, or symbolizes, the most important ground on which to base an opinion of the picture as a whole. My “angle” this time, you observe, is my inability to find an “angle.” It might have been easier if I felt deeply about C. S. FORESTER’S books. The fact remains that though the picture struck me as worthy and well enough done it made on me no profound impression of any kind; I was not bored, but I was not absorbed or much excited either. GREGORY PECK makes a commanding Captain Hornblower, in spite of the fact that the trick of throat-clearing seems to show up as an artificial “characteristic” grafted on to a figure thought to be insufficiently supplied with noticeable qualities. VIRGINIA MAYO seems out of place, through no fault of her own (she tries very hard to get a near-English accent, but no one could take her for the Duke of Wellington’s sister). There

are several good performances in small parts, and the sea fights I thought were admirable. In those and elsewhere the Technicolor is often used with much imagination.

Tom Brown's School Days (Director: GORDON PARRY) is an odd mixture of the brutal and the solemnly improving. I can’t remember much about the book, but I’m sure that though it made a good deal of Tom’s sufferings at Rugby it didn’t give the impression that they came so thick and fast, as if every dawn brought some fresh piece of fiendishness from the abominable Flashman. Again, when one reads this essentially moralistic tract one makes allowances for the contemporary conventions: then, the simple contrived heroes-villain story did not seem either so simple or so contrived. Seen on the screen with all the details carefully correct and presented in the manner, at least, of a modern one, the story shows up as quite comically artificial. From this point of view the fact that the background is authentic—the film was made at Rugby—is a positive disadvantage. From another point of view, however, the handling of the scene is the best thing about the picture. The personages are so transparent and uncomplicated that they offer no real acting chances: ROBERT NEWTON personifies gloomy rectitude as Dr. Arnold, JOHN HOWARD DAVIES is satisfactorily the persecuted hero, but the tiny parts seem to come off more successfully.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

I would still put CARNÉ’S fantastic comedy on an English theme, *Drôle de Drame* (of which more next week), at the head of the London shows.

Among the releases there is nothing great, but *Lights Out* (4/4/51) is a well-done though too emotional piece about a blinded ex-soldier, and *This is My Affair* (11/4/51) an interesting and entertaining story of the New York fashion-and-dress-making world.

RICHARD MALLETT

THE NEW MAN

WHEN I got into the chief's office he said "I've been talking to Mr. Bender here. I think he's just the man for us."

I looked at Mr. Bender. He was tall and thin. Hair like a carpet. Great horn-rimmed spectacles. Wild about the eyes.

"Have a talk to him yourself," the chief said. "Take him along to your department. If you're satisfied fix him up at a design board."

So I talked to Mr. Bender. I asked him some technical questions. I thought they were rather clever. Mr. Bender looked at me. He had very queer eyes. He just smiled slightly. I took him to a design board.

The next day, Mr. Bender came to me with some calculations. He said "We're not right here. I've always taken the co-efficient of equipotential flow as the basis of the abatic sequence. After all, Felspar's pirigram is only a modulation of the arc of ocoocytes expressed in iotas. And apart from that, there is the frictional slip."

He kept staring at me. I had to say something. I said "Of course."

He said "I'll run out the frictional slip as a polynomial graph, to show the roatic points exponentially."

"Yes," I said, "you do that." He wasn't going to beat me, I thought. But when he brought his figures I thought again. I didn't give anything away, though. I went to the chief.

"This new man, Bender, says we should consider frictional slip," I said.

The chief looked at me.

"He's run it out as a polynomial graph, to show the roatic points exponentially," I went on.

The chief began to polish his spectacles.

"He says he's always taken the co-efficient of equipotential flow as the basis of the abatic sequence. Felspar's pirigram, of course, is only a modulation of the arc of ocoocytes expressed in iotas."

The chief blew his nose, took out his pocket diary, wrote down "Call for bread on way home," and then looked at me.

The Festival of Punch



A SPECIAL issue, "The Festival of Punch," reflecting a hundred years in the history of this country (and of this paper) is to be published on April 30. In addition to its "historical" section, the issue will cover many aspects of modern life overlooked by the organizers of the South Bank Exhibition. It will contain one hundred and twenty-eight pages, sixteen of them in full colour, and will be priced at 2/-. Postal subscribers will receive their copies without special application. Other readers who find that their local newsagents cannot, for any reason, supply their requirements on publication date should write at once to the Publisher, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

"Seems to be a pretty good man," he said. "I thought so when I first spoke to him. Give him plenty of scope. We've got to stop this frictional slip. These polynomial graphs have proved that. Tell Bender to be careful with his roatic points. We must keep production costs down."

They were ahead of me, these two, I thought. I'd better watch my step. When I got back I told Bender to go ahead. He nodded. I hoped he had no talent for leadership. I had to be careful.

Very soon Bender came back. He said "The helical bisector of equipotential flow isn't coming out central with the gravital line on the second roatic-point cycle."

I remained outwardly calm. I had to. I said "Have you checked your calculation?"

He stared at me. He began to smile. I said "Don't worry, I'll let the chief know."

There was nothing for him to worry about, I thought. That was my privilege. They had me between them. But maybe I'd be able to get another job.

I told the chief. I said "According to Bender, the helical bisector of equipotential flow isn't central with the gravital line on the second roatic-point cycle." I had a good memory, anyway.

The chief stared at me. In a blank space on his desk jotter he

wrote "Call for bread on way home." Finally he said "It is Tuesday to-day, isn't it?"

He's testing me, I thought. I glanced at his calendar and agreed it was Tuesday. Then I walked Bender with a notebook and a slide-rule. The chief was surprised. So was I. But only one of us looked worried—at first.

Bender said "Why isn't your P.W./frequency ratio a constant, even when the Clarke-Anderson reaction has been negated by synectomy?"

The chief looked at me. Then he said "Didn't you know about this?" Now he looked worried.

I just stared at the floor. I knew I was finished. I walked out and left them to it whilst I collected my stuff. In my own office I rang Clangers. Their managing director didn't seem impressed with me. So I said "I've been working on equipotential flow in relation to frictional slip. The ocoocyclic arc, you know. This roatic point business, principally."

There was a pause. Then the managing director said "When you finish there, come round and see me. I think you're the type we need."

As I went out I passed the chief's door and heard Bender still talking. But I didn't care. I sketched a couple of quick polynomial polynomials on the back of an envelope and hurried off to Clangers.

YOICKS ST. VITUS

Being the Fifth Instalment of a Probe into the Literary Village

NO description of Yoicks St. Vitus would be complete without some mention of its intellectual group, which is led by no less a figure than Lionel Mantling.

Lionel is not regarded by the natives as belonging to the village, although he has lived there for a long time. A residence of two decades, however interminable it might seem to an alien, is but a flying visit in the eyes of the villagers, who require the presence of two or three generations of tombstones as earnest of a family's intention to settle down.

Lionel, who has been an eager young author ever since he came down from Cambridge twenty years ago, lives in a cottage which he calls Ladysmock, in defiance of local tradition which continues to call it Pugsley's. Here he hits (and records) the most exciting adventures.

"Yes, my eyes had not deceived me. There was my beautiful lawn desecrated by an impertinent daisy. Flinging on my quilted Chinese dressing-gown, I rushed downstairs, picked out my largest and sharpest shears, and advanced on the foe. It was a brave little daisy, and it lifted its head defiantly as I marched upon it. 'Kill me,' it seemed to say, 'I don't care. I have had my hour—that wonderful moment when my head burst through the earth and the tangled roots of grass and out into the sunshine. I have lived!' And—well, some of you, the nice ones, will believe me, and some very practical, ruthless persons will laugh at me, when I write that I forgave the daisy, and went and snipped a horrid plantain instead."

There was a time, in his early days, when, having gingerly smeared a little clay on his corduroys with a trowel, Lionel would descend upon the Bagsnatcher's Arms for a mug of cider. This was a process he described to his readers as "getting down to earth." He wished, he declared, to mingle with hinds and herds and boors, and garner the wisdom of field and forest from their untutored lips. The phase,

however, as far as practical experiment went, lasted only a short time. The cider of Yoicks is like witriol to a palate nurtured on the mellow clarets; and he was hampered in his researches into rustic lore by his inability to understand more than one word in five of the local dialect. In spite of this, Lionel's readers for a time knew more about Yoicks St. Vitus and Ladysmock than they did about their own parishes. To-day the village gets no more unsought publicity, for Lionel Mantling happened to describe in a magazine article how, with eyes blinded by tears, he had spent a busy night unstopping earthen, and this article fell into the hands of Hugo Point-device, M.F.H. For a while it seemed likely that the young author would be the central (and passive) figure in a neat little mystery, and, in fact, a date was booked for the discovery of his body in the library of the Hall. Nothing came of the plan, largely because of Hugo's sporting determination to give the victim a run for his money—the idea being that the Hunt should have a quiet bye, with Lionel as their quarry.

Mantling now devotes his talent to writing articles for cheery girls' papers (Me and My Mum) and for glossy women's magazines (The Mater and I). The lawn at Ladysmock has been cemented over.

There is one poet in the village—Adhemar Clwys—but, beyond getting on to the short list of suspects in a poison pen case, he has never created much stir. Adhemar suffers from *weltschmerz*, much as lesser men suffer from indigestion, and he frequently paces the dripping autumnal woods till dawn, trying to walk it off. He is engaged upon a work called "Cosmos," a study of moral disintegration written entirely in full stops. There is little love lost between Adhemar and his brother of the pen, but if they have a mutual interest outside publishers' cheques it is Paul Cherry, the boy genius of Yoicks St. Vitus.

Naturally, Paul is frail. He lives with his family in a wretched hovel

which is kept bright and clean by his indomitable mother, who, despite the ministrations of Mr. Brownlow, will inevitably succumb to the internal disorder which bows her down. Paul's father, the typical sire of an under-privileged prodigy, drinks. Staggering home late every night as he does, he is often the last person to see someone alive and the first person to stumble over somebody dead, and as a consequence spends much of his time in the rôle of Likely Suspect.

Paul hates his father, and to annoy him spends most of his time reading Euripides in the original to his mother. It will be some time before Paul, in a final agony of disillusionment, makes use of the old clothes-line and the ceiling-hook in the washhouse, because Mr. Brownlow has yet to shake his head gravely over Mrs. Cherry's wasted frame. But almost every day the lad, sickened in every fibre of his being by his father's coarse refusal to listen to readings from what he calls "that there Yury Pids," trudges up to Adhemar's to borrow some more classics and to have a cosy chat about the Infinite.

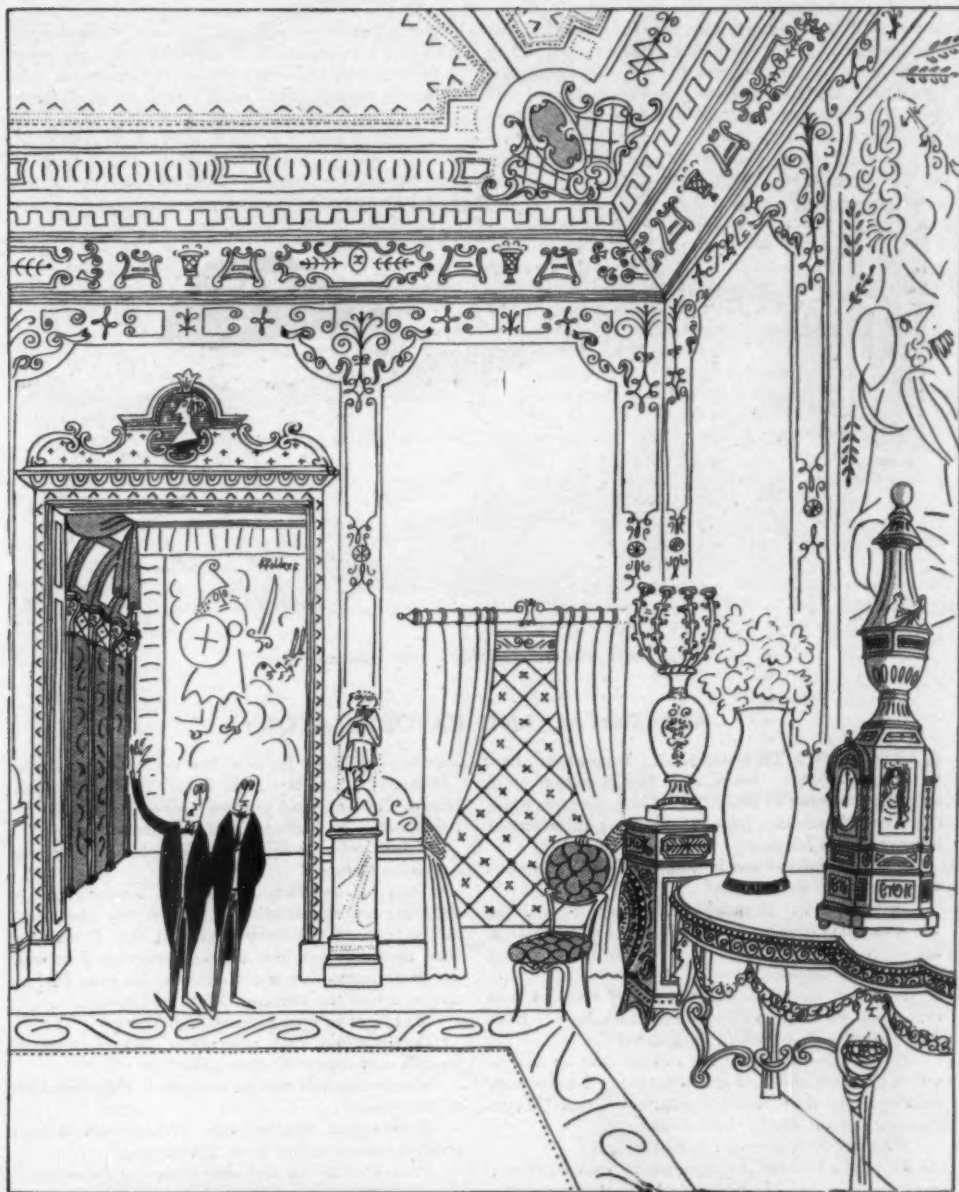
(To be continued)

THE SHROPSHIRE
MISOGYNIST

WHEN I was one and twenty
I heard a poet say
That sighs were his a-plenty
Who gave his heart away;
And well his words I pondered
And swore that, come what would,
Whatever else I squandered
My heart was mine for good.

But never heart went better
For keeping to oneself,
And man may shirk the fetter
But cannot shun the shelf;
And lonely hearths lie dirty,
And loveless roads are long,
And I am nine and thirty,
And Housman got it wrong.

M. H. LONGSON



"It's a toss-up whether it goes to the National Trust or the Ministry of Works."



"You can't miss it. It's black with green upholstery."

ANECDOTAL AND EXPOSTULATORY

SATTERTHWAITE-IRONSIDE, Porpentine, Bercellini, Squdge, Jones and Hey-Robinson were discussing Cromwell's Sense of Occasion after lunch one day when Shuttlebury joined them, his mouth clamped humorously on his pipe.

What I want to know is whether all these characters are going to pull their weight?

Certainly not. Shuttlebury is going to take the whole space describing an adventure that happened to his aunt. They are there to give the reader a cosy feeling of participation.

You have taken the responsibility of bringing them in, and I insist on being properly introduced. What was Satterthwaite-Ironside's background?

The usual—rowed for his college, lost an ear on safari, edited memoirs of ambassadors. "I have often mentioned my Aunt Rita," Shuttlebury began, his eyes gleaming quizzically in the firelight.

What did Satterthwaite-Ironside live on?

He advised advertising agencies on what was likely to appeal to a man of his type. Porpentine hummed a little tune.

Why? Did he hum well? What was the tune?

To show his appetite for Shuttlebury's story. He did not hum well, but then he chose something

a little too difficult for him, the percussion part from "Petrouchka." "My Aunt Rita," Shuttlebury continued, "had an aged gardener called Alec McGregor Colquhoun. He had a mind of his own, had Alec."

I have taken a dislike to Squdge. Had he any redeeming features?

Two, his devotion to the best interests of the Judiciary and appreciation of all that was most sonny in the wee. Shuttlebury explained that it was less than useless to tell Alec to plant begonias if he were set on gentians. He would screw up his eyes, curl his tongue round the strongest Doric and opine . . .

Was there no move to lynch Shuttlebury?

Certainly not. His marvellous store of anecdotes was the only reason for their gathering.

Had he any hold over the audience? They sound like debtors to me.

It was pure hero-worship. Nobody would have tried to borrow money from Shuttlebury.

That gives me my first clear picture of the man.

Don't you want to hear what Alec opined?

I am much more interested in Bercellini. Was his English good enough to do without an interpreter? Even if it hadn't been, a wise man would have done without an interpreter all the same.

Bercellini was of Italian extraction, but for many generations his family had lived the lives of true-blue Englishmen at Muswell Hill. He adored Shuttlebury's anecdotes. When, owing to falling out of a perambulator, he missed one, he was distraught until his friends repeated it to him. What Alec opined was that begonias wouldn't do.

What was Bercellini doing in a perambulator?

His children made him up as a guy and wheeled him round Muswell Hill. He fell out because they wheeled him down the steps of a house too fast. Shuttlebury paused to let the flavour of Alec sink in. Then, with a wry smile that showed he had something up his sleeve, he continued . . .

Do you mean to tell me that men sufficiently hardened to talk about Cromwell after lunch put up with this?

There was a deep rumble of anticipatory laughter. "Now it so happened," Shuttlebury told them, "that my aunt was rather an obstinate old lady, and no sooner had gentians appeared in her well-kempt beds than she would replace them with begonias herself."

Then why did she keep a gardener at all? Just to impress the neighbours?

She derived endless entertainment from his quaintness.

I suspect he was really hired by Shuttlebury to provide copy.

Shuttlebury then related that on one occasion when she had supposed that Alec was well on his way to the local hostelry to renew his acquaintance with the products of his native land . . .

What did Jones think of Hey-Robinson?

He admired his devotion to Shuttlebury. It was the chief link between them, stronger than their thirty years' partnership in writing text-books of ploughing. Alec suddenly returned and caught her substituting her own horticultural selection for his. Hitherto, though not ignorant of what was happening, he had been able to ignore it. Now it became impossible for him to pretend not to know.

Had he mistaken opening time or was he checking up on her?

History does not relate.

I am not asking History: I'm asking you. Didn't Squidge want to know?

He was much too anxious for the dénouement to bother about details. Drawing himself up to his full height, Alec bent his shaggy brows upon Aunt Rita with terrifying deliberation . . .

He was Scotch, if I recollect aright?

Ofcourse he was. That's the whole point of the story.

Then as we have apparently passed the point all that remains is to describe the reaction of the audience, which I think I can foresee.

You are confusing point and dénouement. He observed "Whisht! Yon's nae begonias, yon's gardenias."

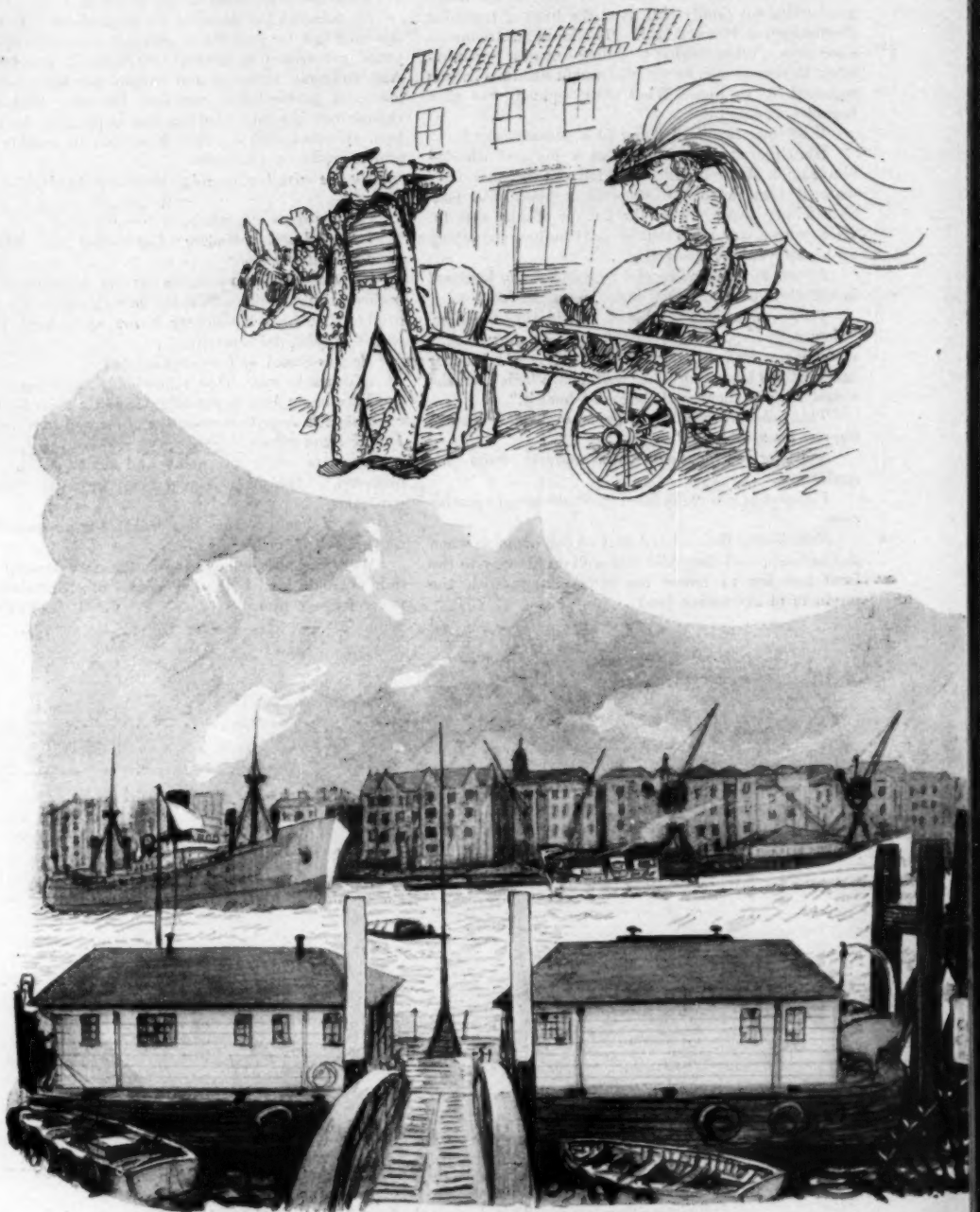
Yes, I can see how that would have appealed to Satterthwaite-Ironside.

Well, curiously enough it was the only occasion he didn't laugh louder than Porpentine. Shuttlebury never forgave him.

R. G. G. PRICE



"I forgot another to-day. That leaves only Juns, Margaret, Celia, Joy and Mary."



SOUTH SIDE

THERE are lanes that lie in
Lambeth,
there are roads in Rotherhithe
where the hay-scent's fresh amaze-
ment
stirs the air and fields are blithe;
for the flowers bloom in the South
Side
and spring about the feet
where paving lies in Paradise
or Cherry Garden Street.

There are woods that wake in
Walworth
and by kerbs in Camberwell,
for the alleys speak of valleys
where the tall elm used to dwell;
and the roads that run in South Side
remember things unseen
when breezes talk in Willow Walk
and sigh through Rushey Green.

The costers come to Kennington
in donkey-shays heaped high
with fruit-stock gay for Nutbrook
Way
that rises from the Rye;
for carts that come through South
Side
drive laden wide with load
of country-trove that Surrey Grove
shares with the Old Kent Road.

They remember in the South Side
man first from garden came:
and heeding still that Eden,
though they know it but by
name,
they set their crescent terraces
that heritage to guard,
to net the rain in Diamond Lane
and the moon in Opal Yard.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



HOSPITALITY BEGINS AT HOME

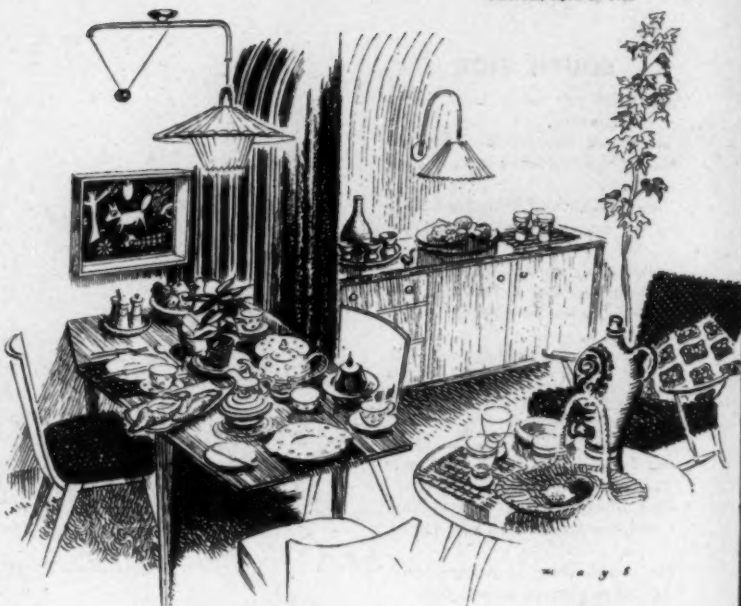
THERE'S a lot to be said, I always think, for breakfast in the kitchen, especially when there are guests in the house. Nothing reminds these guests more pertinently that there *is* such a thing as a kitchen than taking breakfast in it and seeing the host tie on his washing-up apron before the meal is half through. Breakfast in the kitchen allows the host and hostess to make an early estimate of their liabilities: if the guests fail to offer a helping hand at the sink then that bottle of *Clos de Vougeot* (1937) should remain right there in the cupboard under the stairs and the British Burgundy should be uncorked and placed in the airing-cupboard.

Moreover breakfast in the kitchen means that the inevitable inspection of this room ("I say, what a neat little place you've got here!") is over and done with very early, before the last-minute shine has worn off.

There is even more to be said for breakfast in the kind of kitchen currently on view at the "Hospitality at Home"* Exhibition—as I discovered when I visited the Tea Centre the other day. . . .

Personally, I'm in favour of the new kitchen—as an ideal. In fact we have tried out several of the schemes so beautifully executed in this exhibition. We built an alcove for breakfasting and curtained it off with a length of blue and yellow canvas (from the summer house). We even cut a square hole in this material to provide a sort of service hatch. Four old wooden chairs painted pillar-box red and a small table completed the furnishing, and everything was ready for the great inaugural breakfast.

It was a failure. We couldn't see. The only window in our kitchen is above the sink and the only light hangs from the centre of the room. So we had to draw back the curtains and abandon the hatch



and our air of seclusion. Then we discovered that water was dripping from woollens on the airing-rack overhead, and that the flex of the electric toaster would not reach the table. So we carried our porridge into the dining-room.

Of course there was no airing-rack at the exhibition, and the alcove was wonderfully bright even without a window, so it would be unfair, even churlish, to condemn the idea merely from the experiences of one somewhat inefficient family.

The exhibition does not offer any advice on what to do with guests between "Breakfast in the Kitchen" and "Lunch in the Living Room," and we must suppose that they are dismissed to the garden with spades and forks (a procedure I strongly recommend) or encouraged to spend the rest of the morning making their own beds. Anyway, they must be kept out of the living-room while the host and hostess discuss the seating arrangements, the strategic carving (ha!) and distribution of the victuals, and whether—in view of the condition of the wallpaper—it wouldn't be better to draw the curtains and light a few intimate candles.

But this is a very handsome living-room with a bright blue carpet, a rich red wallpaper and painted fabrics of apricot and dark green. And it is tidy. The wall units, we are told, accommodate china, gramophone records, family papers, magazines and albums, and nothing is out of place. There are no knitting-needles and old newspapers under the cushions, no letters behind the clock on the mantelpiece, no loose pawns from the chess-set in the wine bottle cradle . . . and there is no "glory hole" in the recess by the window. In fact it is the ideal living-dining-room. Its sideboard, which at the time of going to press is tax-free and dirt-cheap, is quite the most distinguished piece of design and workmanship in the exhibition.

Soon after lunch—with either the *Clos de Vougeot* or the British Burgundy—your guests will begin to think about tea. Let them take it, and earn it, in the delightfully informal atmosphere of the nursery. The children will keep them pretty busy putting the goldfish back into the outside glass tank (I am assuming of course that this item is part of the exhibition and not a fixture

*Arranged by the Council of Industrial Design in association with the Tea Bureau and held at the Tea Centre, Regent Street, S.W.1. Open until May 12.

of the Tea Centre), keeping fingers out of the jam, blowing noses and so on. And when the guests tire of these pursuits they can spend some time marvelling at the burn, stain and scratch-proof panels of the unit storage furniture which are made of laminated plastic.

The things that caught my eye in the nursery were the sturdy stackable wooden chairs and tables, the toy-box on wheels which has a blackboard as its lid, an electric safety heater which "in summer can be made to circulate cold air," and of course the goldfish tank.

Now if I know anything about guests who have been invited to look in on a "Tea Party in the Nursery" they will begin to sulk pretty soon unless you offer them a drink.

"What about a snifter?" you say. "An undistinguished but palatable sherry or something with gin?"

"It's a bit early, old chap, isn't it?" says one guest, flicking his wrist-watch into view.

"Well . . ." you begin.

"Still, I mustn't say no. Gin for me, please."

Wisely, in my view, the designers of this exhibition (Roger and Robert Nicholson) have not called their drinking-hole a Cocktail Lounge. They know very well (as do the guests) that this cocktail-hour

business is but a game, and that the cocktail cabinet is more often than not a mere mock-up achieved by removing the volumes from one shelf of the bookcase and replacing them with hastily procured bottles.

Let us suppose, however, that you are willing and able to entertain on a fairly lush scale. Then your drawing-room might well contain a cherry red carpet (£2 7s. a yard), a wing easy chair (£41 12s), a storage unit for gramophone records (£45 9s. 3d.), a trolley with a lift-off tray top (£18 16s. 6d.), a baffle console radio (£35) . . . never mind, let's move on to the drinking equipment . . . an auto-corkscrew (a mere 8s. 9d.), a sherry set (£15), a champagne glass (£1 10s.—tax free), a "large billiard" pipe (£12 10s.), a pipe-rest (17s. 4d.) . . . oh, yes, and a bottle of gin and a bottle of sherry.

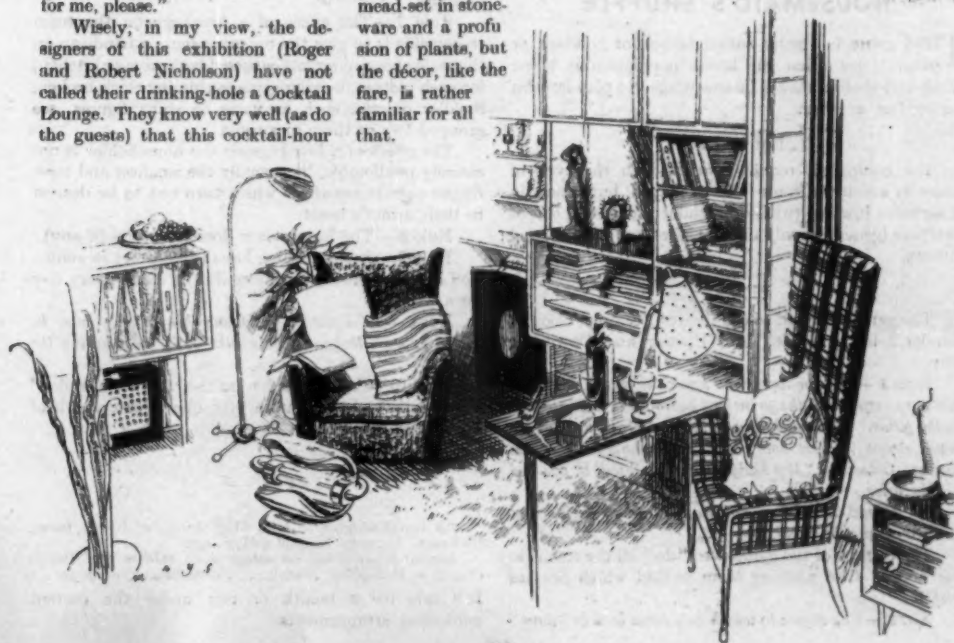
Theoretically, our cocktail party should be followed, I suppose, by something to eat, so here we are, back in the parlour *alias* the living-dining-room, *alias* the drawing-room for dinner or high tea. The first things that catch our eye as we stay put are a mead-set in stone-ware and a profusion of plants, but the décor, like the fare, is rather familiar for all that.

We eat and once again adjourn to the kitchen, to the aprons and dish-cloths.

Nearly through now. There's only the "Nightcap at Bedtime" section.

"Well, I think you'll be all right. The far cupboard's locked—George uses it when he's home—but you'll find plenty of room in the other one. The light over the bed's a bit high, sorry, and it's got a funny switch. Lots of ash-trays, dears, and a few of the books we know you'll like. So good night—good night. Breakfast at eight suit you? Good. Good night. Oh, by the way, if the window rattles there's an old folded cigarette packet in the top left-hand drawer. Stick that in. Good night then. Eight sharp, if that's all right for your train. Good night—and I'm truly sorry that Harry let you help with the washing-up. He thought you'd enjoy it. You did! Well, thank you; you did splendidly. No, no trouble at all, we've enjoyed every minute. Good night . . . good night."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





"Does anybody here own car number ZXY303?"

HOUSEMAID'S SHUFFLE

THIS game is ideally suited to school holidays or other times when the house population is large. Week-end visitors should be encouraged to play it, even during fine weather.

EQUIPMENT

The equipment required varies with the type of house in which the game is to be played, but generally it includes brushes (with or without dustpans), carpet sweepers (generally only one of these—see Rule 2), and dusters.

PLAY

The game is played to the tune of "Goosey, Goosey, Gander," being divided into Upstair and Downstair play.

NOTES.—(a) For those who know the theme song well this may imply that the principal bedroom is not included in the game. This will only be the case if the lady of the house sleeps (i) next door, or (ii) in a hammock in the garden. Otherwise "My Lady's Chamber" will be counted as Upstairs.

(b) Should there be no stairs an arbitrary division of the rooms must be made.

The **OBJECT** of the game is to "do" all the rooms in the house. The winning team is that which finishes first.

NOTE.—The degree to which any room is to be "done"

must be announced in advance; e.g. are tops of cupboards to be dusted? or door handles polished?

The **METHOD** of play is governed by the following rules:

Rule 1.—The teams, each consisting of one or more players, draw lots for Upstair or Downstair pitches.

Rule 2.—The two team Captains now draw lots, or toss up, for the carpet sweeper. The winner may elect to sweep first or put in the opposing team. In either case a time of change-over must be arranged.

Rule 3.—If there are solid fuel fires to be cleaned and laid in the Downstair pitch they will be regarded as normal hazards and must not be excepted from the game. In cases where the house has been arbitrarily divided into Upstair and Downstair pitches, a room containing one of these fires will be counted as equal to one with two single beds or one double.

Rule 4.—Unless a bed has been counted against a fire under Rule 3 the mattress need not be turned.

NOTE.—A player who finds himself making his own bed may turn the mattress or not, as he chooses.

Rule 5.—Ornaments will generally be accepted as hazards normal to Downstair play. In exceptional circumstances, e.g. a grand piano covered with framed photographs or baby elephants, the two sides should agree beforehand whether to exclude the piano from the game altogether or to count it against a particularly untidy dressing-table Upstairs.

Rule 6.—Kitchens shall only be scrubbed:

(a) if there is "help" on less than three mornings a week, or (b) if two or more bathrooms are in play Upstairs.

Rule 7.—The effect of a breakage on the team responsible is to give the opposing team a handicap on the scale of one room (other than a bathroom or kitchen) for each picture, looking-glass or chiming clock broken. Smaller objects, such as vases or china figures, are grouped two or three to a room.

The effect of a breakage on the householder is not entirely predictable, but usually the smallest and most fragile objects are those which turn out to be dearest to their owner's heart.

Rule 8.—The losing team does the stairs (if any).

Rule 9.—A team which loses three times in succession is "Gandered" and must do the stairs every day for a week.

NOTE.—In a flat or bungalow this penalty may be varied to such things as doing the boiler or cleaning the shoes.

Rule 10.—A householder has the right to "Gander" any team which does more than one room's worth of damage in one game.

"A hen belonging to Miss Ellen Jones, of Bailey Farm, Bodorgan, Anglesey, has laid a 6½ oz. egg.

Special prayers for its safety were said in the Parish Church at Mundesley, Norfolk. . . ."—*Stoke-on-Trent paper*

It's safe for a month or two under the current marketing arrangements.

THE RIDDLE OF ADAM

WE share your world, but neither criticize
your attitude to us, nor analyse
your motives for behaving as you do.
Bird, fox, moth, trout, we are aware of you
to the exact extent, or more, or less
that you impinge upon our consciousness:
our senses being both keener and more blunted
than yours. We are the hunters and the hunted
and therefore lead immediate lives. For us
instinct does more than, for you, reason does.

* * * * *
Your narrow world, which you imagine vast,
is bounded by the future and the past,
while we, the ladybirds, the trees, the flowers
live in the infinite present, which is ours.
In that immortal present we exist,
species on species, each an egoist

with appetites on edge, or satisfied
but integrated, whole, unclassified,
alive, alone, drawing, as you draw, breath
yet—O distinction!—unaware of death:
not knowing—the wolf-spider in the grass,
the tiger with his eyes of fiery glass—
the snail on the wall—the seed in the pregnant
earth—

that there is any mystery in birth.
Innocent ourselves, we are the fruit of the Tree
of the knowledge of good and of evil.
Was the taste bitter,
Adam, or sweet?

* * * * *
I do not know.
I know the name of it only: ecstasy.

R. C. SCRIVEN





Unhappy Family

Harold Martin—MR. MERVYN JOHNS; Jeremy—MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH
Ada—MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY

[The Martins' Nest]

AT THE PLAY

The Martins' Nest (WESTMINSTER)—*Shavings* (ST. MARTIN'S)



MUM's the word in the East Putney semi-basement that Miss JOAN MORGAN calls *The Martins' Nest*. Ada Martin is one of the superior Mums. She has never heard of the Century of the Common Man, and would hardly credit it if she had. Everything round her must be genteel. Her husband, Temporary Civil Servant in the Ministry of Supply (Department of Minor Purchases), is more or less all right; her daughter, as the confidential secretary to a barrister in Pump Court, is certainly all right; one of the sons may go to "the 'Varsity," which would be wholly in order; and, as for the schoolboy son, if he manages to brush up his German irregular verbs, get the School Certificate, reach the B.B.C. as a boy soprano, and play with only approved children, he too will bring honour to the Nest.

But the woman is a slave-driver. She works so hard to do the correct thing that invariably she does the wrong one. None of her badgered children becomes the pride of East Putney. The girl gets entangled with her employer, a derisive slug of a barrister (so-called), who behaves more like a devil's advocate than a

good Templar. The elder boy becomes, unknowingly, chauffeur to a pair of crooks, and the younger is subject to nervous hysteria. Miss MORGAN, who believes in a good time for all, then arranges for Dad to lose his job. And what are we to say now of the gentility of the Putney nest? All my eye and Ada Martin. The dramatist does relent enough to tack on a rainbowed epilogue in which there are renewed twitterings in the semi-basement, with Dad in a new job at Upminster and varying degrees of good luck for the rest of the household. Alas, by then we have ceased to believe in the *Martins*.

Miss MORGAN, in trying to show the tragedy of the small-minded, snobbish, aspiring Mum, has added much fluent comedy. This can be neat, but it is sometimes ill-judged—as at the strange luncheon designed to dazzle the impossible barrister. Mum is the resourceful Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY: an audience, long used to her in revue, works unwittingly against her throughout the evening, and Miss BADDELEY's genuine pathos in the third act makes less impression than it ought to. Mr. MERVYN JOHNS smooths along the little man who lives for

his Department, and Miss YVONNE MITCHELL touches off exactly a pert, self-conscious girl.

William Shakespeare, in SHAW's "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," also has his pride. The Queen may be Henry the Eighth's daughter. Never mind. "Name not that inordinate man in the same breath with Stratford's worthiest Alderman." Mr. GRIFFITH JONES, in the triple bill at the St. Martin's, presents John Shakespeare's son with eager enthusiasm, and Miss ELLEN POLLOCK can match him as the Queen. The ingenious appeal for a National Theatre is the happiest part of an in-and-out programme that masquerades under the end-of-the-pier title of *Shavings*. Mr. JONES and Miss ROSAMUND JOHN ding-dong swiftly through the "comediottina" of "Village Wooing"; but that Napoleonic trifle, "The Man of Destiny," is rendered without much verve.

Recommended

The Holly and the Ivy (Duchess): an uncommonly good domestic play is in the last weeks of a long run. *His Excellency* (Piccadilly): Mr. Donald Wolfitt is very much in the mood as the new Governor who hits the island of Salva like a charge of H.E.

J. C. TREWIS



[Shavings]

The Bard

Shakespeare—MR. GRIFFITH JONES

FROM THE RUSSIAN

1849

THE English, in their childish way,

Are to celebrate, this year,
With an absurd Exhibition,
The centenary
Of an absurd Exhibition
In 1851.

This is fitting.

It will serve to remind the world
That the English, politically,

Have not advanced
More than an inch or two

From the infantile condition
Of delusion and blindness

In which they were stumbling
Through the bourgeois jungle
One hundred years ago.

Apart from that

The year 1851

Has no significance whatever.

In England

In the year 1951

Nothing notable is happening
Except the inhuman preparations

For an armed assault

Upon the defenceless Union

Of Soviet Socialist Republics,

Led by the great Stalin

Who invented uranium

And will know what to do

When the savage hordes

Of Wimbledon and Worthing

Hurl themselves

Against the frontiers of the

Fatherland

(Or rather the Poles,

The Lithuanians, etc.).

The year 1849

Is another story.

In that year Karl Marx,

Son of Hirschel Marx the lawyer,

Son of Rabbi Marx Levi,

Expelled by the Prussians,

Landed in England,

Where he lived out his days

In Chelsea and Soho and Hamp-
stead, —

And perished nobly

In 1883.

There

With the indefatigable Engels

(After whom

England was named)

He laboured and prophesied
At the British Museum.

In 1851

He attended the opening



Of the Absurd Exhibition

And explained

(It is recorded

By Stefan Stanislavski)

To the Prince Consort Albert

That the Final Crisis

Of Capitalism

Was inevitable and near

(And, after all, he was only
A hundred years wrong).

He wrote in 1857

"The London clubs

Are crammed with capitalists

Taking to drink."

Every year

He predicted the Crisis

And in the thirty-fourth year

He died, still prophesying.

One day his body

Will be taken from the tomb

In Highgate Cemetery

And honoured in Moscow

Beside the great Lenin.

Meanwhile, it is laughable

That the English,

If they are forced to celebrate,

Should have selected

The year '51

Instead of the year '49,

In which Karl Marx

Landed in England,

Perhaps the only circumstance

For which that island

Will be remembered.

Yet it is just as well

That he went to England.

If he had come to Russia

They would have strangled him

In 1849.

A. P. H.



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, April 16th

Mr. MAURICE WEBB, the Food Minister, caused a visible brightening in the Strangers' Gallery—and, even more, in the Ladies' Gallery—of the House of Commons to-day by a series of promises. There is nothing like an announcement about food—whether of increase or decrease—to arouse interest in the House, as elsewhere, and it was quite a Question-time as Mr. WEBB added cheer to cheer. First, he promised that "from August onwards" the meat ration would be at least 1s. 8d. a week. As the cheers echoed, a nasty, suspicious Tory rose and asked whether that merely meant that the cost of the meat ration would have risen to that figure by August, without a corresponding rise in weight. But Mr. WEBB said no, it was expected to result from an increase in home-killed supplies.

Evidently enjoying his rôle as Lord Bountiful, Mr. W. promised that eggs would be on free sale "in two or three weeks." Members evidently thought there was already a "free sale" of promises of more food, and all sorts of suggestions were made for more of this, that and the other. But promises are evidently rationed too, and no more were forthcoming.

As if feeling that a diet of cheerful news might be too rich for the constitution, Mr. HAROLD WILSON, President of the Board of Trade, administered a stiff dose of gloomy realism when he re-started the debate on the Budget plans.

The shortage of sulphur, said he, might yet face the country with "an unparalleled industrial disaster," for that humble commodity is essential to countless industries. So he hoped (and the House cheered its agreement) that the United States authorities would make more sulphur available in the months to come.

So far this has been an extraordinarily non-Party Budget, and

hardly a word of political controversy has been uttered. When, therefore, Mr. R. A. BUTLER wound up for the Opposition and mentioned that while there would be no vote to-night there might well be one on Wednesday there was almost a gasp of shocked surprise. But it served to lead into the fairly strong political speech with which Mr. GAITSKELL ended the debate.

And, in its delivery, he showed once more what a considerable Parliamentarian he is, for he delivered his thrusts with a friendly smile which drew amiable responses



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. G. E. C. Wigg (Dudley)

even from the honourable and right honourable victims opposite.

The day's proceedings had opened with an announcement by Mr. Speaker of the death of Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, whose dogged will had kept him—a desperately sick man—on the Treasury Bench almost to the hour of his death.

When Question-time was over, Mr. MORRISON, Mr. EDEN and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES paid eloquent tributes to one who, though he battled hard for his beliefs, made no enemies and left no rancour. The House sent a message of sympathy to Mrs. Bevin, who so often sat in the Gallery to hear the debates.

Tuesday, April 17th

To-day's proceedings began with a lot of questions about Scottish housing, and Mr. TOM FRASER, speaking for the absent Scottish Secretary, put so much excited enthusiasm into his

replies that Mr. Speaker was eventually moved to rule that there "had better be a cease-fire." But it made a lively curtain-raiser for the day's work, which was largely concerned with the less spectacular aspects of Government.

Most Members wondered just what Mr. "Toby" Low meant when, having been told by Mr. STRACHEY that large quantities of ammunition had been sunk in the depths off the Mull of Galloway, he asked the Minister "to have another look at it." Mr. S. grinned—Mr. L.'s expression conveyed nothing in particular, but he is a subtle person—and most of the House laughed.

Then came a poser put by Colonel ROPNER to the Chancellor: If anyone gave you a packet of florins labelled "Made in U.S.A.", would you take it that the words referred to the florins or to the paper in which they were packed? Mr. GAITSKELL replied (surprisingly) that it referred to the paper wrapper, and that the Colonel need have no fear that British florins were made in U.S.A. The Colonel, armed with a packet of twenty (florins), did not seem convinced, but there was no appeal.

Appeals—the cricket kind—were brought to the minds of listeners by the first speech of the day. It was made by Mr. ASHTON, a former cricket Blue, and it was so full of cricket jargon that it sounded almost like a sports column. He was asking that the overcrowding of primary schools should be relieved, even if this meant adjustments in other fields of education. The cricket terms all tripped so gaily—and always appropriately—from Mr. A.'s tongue that nobody would have been surprised if Mr. Speaker had called "Over" as the speech ended.

In reply, the Minister of Education reeled off a string of figures, and left the House so bewildered that Mr. ASHTON withdrew his demand.

House of Commons:
Twenty Questions



"And here, straight from Coventry to give you an eye-witness account of to-day's event, is none other than your old favourite—Peeping Tom."

But this complication was as naught compared with the discussion on the Luton Corporation Bill which followed. It must have been extremely important, judging from the passionate tones of its advocates and opponents. It was something to do with the respective rights and powers of Borough and County Councils and Luton's desire to be a county borough. Members were divided, generally, according to their local, rather than their Party, loyalties. And, although Dr. CHARLES HILL, in his most persuasive microphone-side manner, pleaded for the Bill (as a loyal Member for Luton should), the Second Reading was refused by 191 votes to 122. Dr. HILL thereupon rumbled his dissatisfaction.

Wednesday, April 18th

The House of Commons had all the signs of an "occasion"—crowded benches, a long line of Ministers and Opposition leaders in their customary places, Whips gliding to and fro on their lawful errands, Members hurrying in from other engagements.

First business was the Report stage of the Budget resolutions, in these days of slender majorities a matter of first-rate importance to the Government. Some of the excitement was removed by the announcement by the Liberals—all nine of them—that they intended to support the Government, but there was tension in the air when the division bells clanged.

And a Government majority of only eleven in the vote on the increased petrol tax showed what might have happened had the Liberals gone the other way. A few minutes later, on the entertainment tax, the Government magically produced four more supporters, giving it 304 instead of a flat 300.

Before the House passed to its normal business it listened in anxious silence to a report of the efforts being made to locate the submarine *Affray*, missing off the south coast, with seventy-five on board. Everything humanly possible, said Mr. JAMES CALLAGHAN, for the Admiralty, was being done to rescue the men—but he added sadly that it was then forty-three hours since the craft had dived.

BOOKING OFFICE

The Man Within

THE artist, as Mr. Trilling has just reminded us (*Punch* review, 11/4/51), is differentiated from other men not by his neuroses but by his successful fight to overcome and harness them. Art is sanity achieved by will. The artist must be tough. He is the master of his past, not its victim, and though he will often show neurotic symptoms—egoism, self-pity and jealousy—they are peripheral traits, fumes creeping up round the sides of his work. Mr. Stephen Spender's autobiography, *World Within World*, throws more light upon the difficulties he had to overcome than on the power which enabled him to overcome them. Seen from inside, his life has been full of stupidities, errors of trust, personal and political, and false starts. Seen from without, it has been a sequence of successful poems and books; this confession of failures is his latest success.

Mr. Spender has always been near the centre of things. J. A. Spender was his uncle and some of his early dreams were of political success. At Oxford he

knew Mr. W. H. Auden and Mr. Louis MacNeice; he was in Berlin with Mr. Christopher Isherwood when the Nazis were beginning to gain power; while he was still young he knew most of the leading writers of his own generation and the generation before; he joined the Communist Party during the Popular Front period and left it after seeing it at work during the Spanish Civil War; in the London Fire Service he saw the new warfare striking at cities. Later, he visited the ruins of the Germany he had known in its power. On the other hand, while being near enough to the centre to observe, he has not been submerged in public affairs; he has been far enough off to see the sacred wood despite the profane trees.

Mr. Spender writes beautifully and variously. There are passages of poetic prose, dealing with the search for love, with childhood, with goodness; there are vivid descriptions of places and people and incidents; there is plenty of very amusing gossip. Yet, inevitably, he omits his work. He describes the growth of a poet's mind but not of his poetry. There are only hints, a mention of the effect of single lines, some reported conversations with Mr. Auden, a remark that all his poems are fragments of autobiography. Like all good autobiographies, it creates a personal relationship between reader and writer as tense and as closely mutual as that between friends. Mr. Spender not only shows lovable weakness and confusion but also the strength which masters and uses them.

Mr. Meyer Levin as a child had to survive the jeers and threats of Gentile children in Chicago and this gave him what he considers an excessive preoccupation with the Jewish problem. Yet by writing and making films about his people he has not only served them well but worked his way to health. *In Search* tells the story of this self-conquest and discusses certain aspects of the Jewish problem in the light of the experience of a single Jew. It is a long, over-rich book and to the non-Jew rather suffocating. However, its concentrated Jewishness gives the feel of the problem as no more Europeanized description could do.

After establishing himself as a journalist and novelist before the war, Mr. Levin became a war correspondent, being among the first to investigate the death camps and to set in motion the systematic gathering of the fragments of European Jewry. He had previously made a film on the history of modern Israel, and the underground movement across Europe to Palestine fired his imagination. The account of the filming of the trek has the excitement of a thriller, in addition to historical interest. In his closing pages Mr. Levin discusses and rejects Mr. Koestler's argument that the establishment of Israel presents Jews with the choice of settling in Palestine or becoming assimilated in their country of domicile. Having fought his way free of his childhood, he can now accept and reconcile the duality of his loyalties. Of this reconciliation his autobiography is the triumphant result.

R. G. G. PRICE



"Good evening. Petrol, air, water, battery, oil, windscreen, please."

Three Notable Gardeners

Signing his letter not very clearly, J. C. Loudon wrote to the Duke of Wellington asking for permission to inspect his famous beeches, and as a result the Duke sent the breeches he had worn at Waterloo to the Bishop of London. Apart from this, Loudon, author of the extraordinarily detailed "Encyclopædia of Gardening," was the first modern horticulturist. Addicted to glass, he dreamed of covering a whole country house with it, and you will find a delightful account of this able Scot in Mr. Geoffrey Taylor's *Some Nineteenth Century Gardeners*. The other characters in this warmly recommended little book are William Robinson, an Irish peasant who became a wealthy gentleman of Sussex, wrote "The English Flower Garden," and fought fiercely for a return to nature; and Reginald Farrer, the father of the rock garden, who became a vegetarian after his Japanese cook had served his kitten in a fricassee. Mr. Taylor closes with a tribute to Edwin Budding, who gave us the lawn-mower, in 1831, and with it a new exotic species of lumbago.

R. O. D. K.

Let Us Await . . .

Let us await the great American novel. It was Archibald MacLeish said that, maybe thirty years ago, maybe more, and since then they've been awaiting it, the Americans, either awaiting it or creating it. To create an American novel it seems you must synthesize an American style, the way they've synthesized an American civilization. Take *Anger at Innocence*, which is about an affair between a thirty-nine-year-old man and a nineteen-year-old girl in the slums of South Philadelphia and has nothing to do with innocence: it's a fine story, with some pretty vivid characters that really earn your pity and anger and indignation, but this William Gardner Smith, the author, he has to curdle his story with this self-conscious style where he'd better have told it straight out. Maybe he hoped that would make it a great American novel. Maybe he'll write one later, at that; he's only twenty, he has a whole lot of time.

R. A. Y.

Forests of Laurels

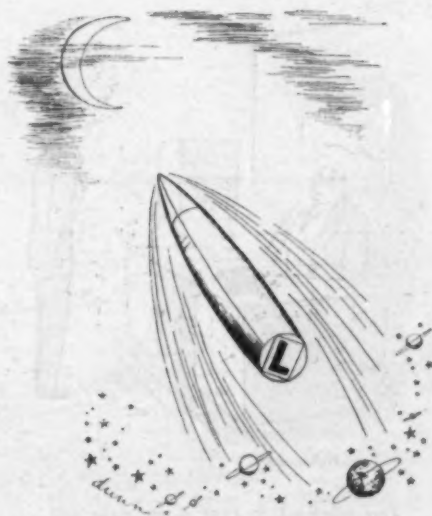
Sir Shane Leslie, recalcitrant to schooling as a boy, discovers an ability to go on learning from life throughout a new book of personal and historical reminiscences. He himself survives, like the donor of an altar-piece, in each individual biography of *Salutation to Five*, as well as in the book's prelude "Retrospect" of his own past. Ties of kinship bind him to "Mrs. Fitzherbert"; undergraduate hero-worship and a pilgrimage to Yasnaya Polyana to "Tolstoy." He has a qualified enthusiasm for "Edmond Warre," militarist and carman, who straddled like a Colossus over his rather indecorous Eton. One receives a graphic and discerning series of side-lights on an aristocratic

England in process of gradual decline, through a mercantile stage that was never a halting-place, to the proletarian level. The two who saw it most clearly were soldiers—General Butler and Mark Sykes. Sir Shane's masterpiece is the portrait of Butler, "the Empire's gallant mercenary," seen as dominating morally the tragic watershed of the Boer War.

H. P. E.

Underwater

A ship's company in the Submarine Service leads, as Mr. James Casing points out in the preface to his little book of stories and sketches called *Submariners*, a quite unnatural life—and, he adds, "being submerged beneath the sea is only part of it." It is this strangely aloof and self-contained existence which Mr. Casing has chosen as his subject—a subject which gains an added poignancy from the story of the ill-starred "Affray." Among other things, he reveals how aptly the term "hard-lying" is applied to the conditions under which the rating in a submarine lives, conditions in comparison with which the discomforts of the old fo'c'sle days pale into insignificance. He is perhaps a little too fond of the use of large capitals in moments of stress, and the verbal adornments of the speech of the lower deck—if such a term may be applied to a submarine's internal economy—might with advantage be more



delicately suggested. But he writes with spirit and observation, and—above all—with a first-hand knowledge of what he is writing about. This makes his book both interesting and informative.

C. F. S.

Poor Relations

It is fast becoming the fashion for contemporary novelists to use the "oblique" approach—narrative which almost entirely merges into dialogue—but, unless in the hands of a modern master such as Mr. Henry Green, this method tends to make a novel read like a film script. Certain chapters of Mr. Patric Shone's first book, *The House in the Valley*, need a camera, one feels, to bring them to life; yet, notwithstanding a certain baldness here and there, this story of the psychological upheaval of a young boy transferred, on his father's death, from a world of lorry driving, fish-and-chips, and Paddington back rooms to a lonely country house, filled with poor relations, is handled with mature dexterity. Mr. Shone is particularly successful with the boy, Robert. Lonely, defiant, unhappy, he not only fights with his many unwilling guardians—the weak Mr. Mortimer, the masochistic Arthur, the feeble elderly spinsters—but he is also the means of showing up their pettiness and their wasted, self-indulgent lives. For the sensitive there is much here to wring the heart; and for the novel addict there is a curious blend of irony, pity, and icy anger.

R. K.



"Your salary will be £500 a year, rising with the cost of living to £5,000 or even £50,000."

From Short-leg

There should still be time, as we fish out the linseed oil and embrocation, to read the latest and possibly the best of the winter's heavy output of cricket books. An Australian, Mr. Ray Robinson, has written delightful and richly instructive essays on the heroes of the post-war Tests, on Miller, Barnes, Lindwall, Hassett, Tallon, Compton, Hutton, Bedser and company. He analyses the methods and idiosyncrasies of the great not so much *From the Boundary* as from the umpire's perch or short-leg's "suicide corner"; we are close enough to examine the "give" of Hutton's defensive bat, to hear the remarkable asides attributed to the indefatigable Barnes and to compare the hair-styles of Miller and Compton. A very entertaining and well-written book. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Robinson makes of the West Indians when they visit Australia next winter.

A. B. H.

"More than Woman to be Wise"

"*The Art of Being a Woman* is to remember that, in order to give life, we must take care to be alive ourselves" is the last sentence in Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis's book, and all the chapters on women—at work, and observing their own characters and those of other women, and listening to what a psychiatrist has to say, and considering what is wrong with their emotional diet, and wondering how they can be as important as men and have a little time off without upsetting their families—lead up to this undoubted truth. It is all sound and kind and able, but it is a little heavy, and suggests the theme song so often and so tenderly sung—"Take care of the leisure and the work will take care of itself." Must we spend that leisure in trying to prove the truth of this and turning ourselves into "cases" when we have (as we should know by now) such a devil of a time of it, anyway?

B. E. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- World Within World*. Stephen Spender. (Hamish Hamilton, 15/-)
In Search. Meyer Levin. (Constellation Books, 12/6)
Some Nineteenth Century Gardeners. Geoffrey Taylor. (Skellington, 9/6)
Anger at Innocence. William Gardner Smith. (Gollancz, 10/6)
Salutation to Five. Shane Leslie. (Hollis and Carter, 10/6)
Submariners. James Casing. (Macmillan, 9/6)
The House in the Valley. Patric Shone. (Cape, 10/6)
From the Boundary. Ray Robinson. (Collins, 12/6)
The Art of Being a Woman. Amabel Williams-Ellis. (Bodley Head, 7/6)

Other Recommended Books

- Don't Go Away Mad, and Two Other Plays*. William Saroyan. (Faber, 12/6) The other two are "Sam Ego's House" and "A Decent Birth, A Happy Funeral": each play has a Preface, and the whole book an Introduction. More for reading than performance, the plays are bizarre, comic, solemn, sentimental and (says the author) allegorical.
Fortress Tobruk. Jan Yindrich. (Ernest Benn, 8/6)
 "Human interest" stories of the first weeks of the siege of Tobruk. Penny press style and not important; but may serve as a complement to such more serious accounts as come along.

in his pocket, "on the twenty-sixth of July it will be our silver wedding anniversary. And on the same day Harry will be twenty-one." He leaned back in his chair, and put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. "I make the grand total four hundred and fifty-six," he said.

After a long pause Mrs. Chubb reopened *A Rage to Live* and settled back in a corner of the sofa.

"Of course," said Mr. Chubb, looking around the room dreamily, "some of them may have previous engagements."

Surprise, Surprise

"A knitted sock competition resulted in a tie between Mrs. Evens and Mrs. Jacobs."—*Bognor Observer*

BACK ROOM JOYS

DRIVING SLOWLY, FOR ONCE

THE attractions of speed
Pall. Sometimes, rarely, there's no need
To hurry, there's time in plenty—
So we drive at twenty.

It's fun watching the other fools go by
With indignant or pitying eye,
Thinking we can't—as if we *couldn't*—do more.
WE score—

We are rich, we have reserves;
We are not driving on our nerves;
We are doing what we are doing because we like it,
Spurred by no goad,
Gentlemen of the road
(And without even the sweat of having to hike it).
We see little incidents, take notice of our surroundings;
No sudden checks, onward boundings,
Jerks, anxieties, halts of the heart, no pummelings . . .

Most effortless of all bummelings,
Floating even more slowly than the stream
And annoying virtually everyone—it's a dream.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



MAHOOD

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1901. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 3d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 20s. Overseas 25s. (U.S.A. \$5.25); Canada 24s. or \$6.00.



The Mark VII

POWERED BY THE WORLD-RECORD-
BREAKING JAGUAR XK120 ENGINE

Features. Body design of unparalleled beauty with interior spaciousness affording generous comfort for five passengers. Powered by the famous XK120 engine. Capable of speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h. • Supremely smooth and silent. Wide ranging visibility. • Enormous luggage space (17 cu. ft.). Vacuum Servo-assisted Brakes. • Light, positive, accurate steering.

Press Opinions. "A world beater . . . if ever there was one" (*Daily Mail*) • "Achieved an objective which previously eluded British Manufacturers . . . Unmistakably British yet with most modern lines" (*The Times*) • "Well over 100 m.p.h. and phenomenal acceleration" (*Daily Telegraph*) • "A sleek, streamlined six seater with every luxury fitting imaginable" (*Sporting Life*)



JAGUAR

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Full steam ahead!

"Hooray, we're off!"
 "Full steam ahead! — puff, puff, puff, Biff!"
 "Normal train services back to stay, Biff!"
 "Taking everyone and his wife and their luggage everywhere!"
 "Taking them speedily and comfortably, Biff!"
 "And what about all those lovely extra treats in store for them, Biff? — Walking and Cycling Tickets, Circular Tours —"
 "Party Outings, Runabout Tickets — full details brimming over at all stations, Biff!"
 "Hooray for everybody!"
 "And a special cheer for all those who book their seats in advance and snuggle down to corner seat comfort, eh Biff!"
 "Indubitably, Biff!"

RESERVED SEAT

What is CHARM?



CHARM...

is the power to delight . . . depending not on beauty alone, but on a bewitching blend of personality and loveliness.

It is fascination enhanced by fashion, faultless grooming and an exquisite complexion.

For instance, an Embassy complexion . . . so beautifully smooth, clear and fresh!

Your precious complexion deserves the greater care of truly mild Embassy Soap, made by Pears for women of charm!



9d. per tablet

FT 265,000/300

It will be pleased to submit a Special Design and Estimate free of all cost to any Club, Society, School etc. either at Home or Abroad for



In Metal and Lustrous Enamels

Vernon and Wilson
27a, Hockley St. Birmingham, 18

Please state number of Badges required.



SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LTD., LONDON, S.E.15.

A scintillating book by the Editors of Esquire Magazine

Brilliantly witty and sparklingly illustrated! Esquire's best cartoons—top-notch, unique!

EAT

300+ odd easy-to-prepare gourmet delights. Canapes and hors d'oeuvres. Vichyssoise, Bouillabaisse, etc.

DRINK

600 recipes from inimitable Momi Collins to the French 75, Sazerac Cocktail, Ramos Gin Fizz, Ward B—and all the old standbys!

AND BE MERRY!

Games with a difference! For the solo drinker who dabbles in solitaire and for house party soirees. Card games, quizzes, party entertainment, whimsical notes, perplexing puzzles.

Esquire's HANDBOOK FOR HOSTS

ORDER FORM

Beautifully printed and bound in lovely colours.

To: A. THOMAS & CO. (EP), 111, Buchanan St., BLACKPOOL. Send POST PAID one copy Esquire's Handbook for Hosts (28p enclosed) or C.O.D. (I will pay postman 30p.)

Name

Address

Design for Comfort

Luxury and comfort to put mind and body at ease... exquisite decor... impeccable service... superb cuisine. This hotel is designed to give the maximum in perfection at truly moderate terms, and is noted for friendly atmosphere and delightful cocktail bars. Entrancing views across The Stray—four famous golf courses nearby—race meetings. Terms: From 10 guineas per week. Write for illustrated brochure.



Prince of Wales Hotel
INCORPORATING
THE QUEEN HOTEL
HARROGATE

Telephone: Harrogate 6875-6-7
Telegram: "Elegance, Harrogate"
ELECTRIC LIFTS
LOCK-UP GARAGES
FULLY LICENSED

Stay at a Frederick Hotel for Comfort

You're always sure of first-class service, excellent cuisine and every luxury, if you stay at a Frederick Hotel. Both of the famous Hotels below fully re-open for the Season early in May. Book your accommodation now.

CROWN HOTEL · SCARBOROUGH



Perfectly situated in the centre of the Esplanade and close to all amusements, golf, tennis, riding, fishing. Bedrooms with balconies, private suites, American

Bar, fine cuisine, faultless service.

Write to Managers for illustrated brochure and tariff or telephone Scarborough 1200.

ROYAL CRESCENT HOTEL · FILEY



Commanding beautiful views of splendid scenery, this famous hotel offers boating, fishing, tennis, dancing. Wonderful sands for children—large playground

for wet days. Perfect cuisine and service. Near Golf Course, Garage. Write to Manager for tariff or telephone Filey 2277.

YOU CAN FORGET YOUR TAXES
at
BUXTON
(Derbyshire's Mountain Spa)
where
THE PALACE HOTEL

persistently provides tonic treatments recuperative recreation excellent entertainment superb cuisine plus over-all perfection.

Your health and pleasure is our hobby—
Phone BUXTON 2000



PALACE HOTEL BUXTON SPA
J. J. HEWLETT, Mg. Dir.

THE PRINCES HOTEL, EASTBOURNE

Situated in Lancelotti Terrace it stands within twenty-five yards of the sea, Devonshire Park and the Winter Gardens. The Hotel is luxuriously appointed throughout. All floors close carpeted. Modern passenger lift. Inclusive terms breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner.
7th May to 30th June— from 24/- daily per person
1st July to 30th Sept— from 30/- daily per person
No service charges — Licensed
Book now for Whist and early Holidays
Telephone: EASTBOURNE 87
Telegrams: PRINCES HOTEL EASTBOURNE

THE ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL Bognor Regis

For the sun, the sea and the South Downs.
First-class cuisine and wines.
Tel.: 2241

(Under same direction: The Bedford Hotel, 84, James's Place, London, S.W.1)

HOTEL L'HORIZON ST. BRELADE'S BAY JERSEY, C. I.

A modern luxury hotel at the water's edge of this lovely bay. Rooms with private bathroom. Resident Dance Orchestra. Card Room. Continental cuisine. Cocktail Bar. Nr. Golf Course. Write for Tariff to R. Sears.
Tel.: St. Aubin 687.

Dunmore Hotel SHALDON, SOUTH DEVON A.A., R.A.C.

Unsurpassed Cuisine. Licensed. Central Heating. Magnificent position overlooking sea, near moors and coast. Bathing, fishing, riding, 2 Golf Courses. Open Tennis Court, Garage, Ballroom. Resident orchestra during seasons. Terms from 30/- per day per person. Write for Illustrated Tariff or Telephone Shaldon 261



I love

MARIE BRIZARD
APRY

the liqueur of
the Apricot



★ Available from Wine Merchants and Stores throughout the United Kingdom.

Sole Distributors: Twist & Brownings & Halliwell Ltd., 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

Frequent Services *PLUS* British Airmanship



THAT'S WHY

EXPERIENCED TRAVELLERS FLY BRITISH

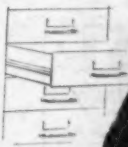
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION AND BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

offer services to and from nearly 70 countries



FINGERTIP EFFICIENCY!

Press the button and the Stratton FONOPAD opens at the page bearing the phone number you want.



OPEN



De Luxe Model 210 moulded in Black or Cream 27/6

Plastic Model 213 shown. In Black or Cream 22/6

Junior Model 215 in polished Black Enamel 17/6

ASK YOUR STATIONER

If difficulty in obtaining write the manufacturers

Stratton FONOPAD

JARRETT, RAINFORD & LAUGHTON LTD, KENT ST., BIRMINGHAM, 6

UNUSUAL PROBLEMS SOLVED WITH **Bostik** CASE 2



HAVE YOU A SKELETON in your cupboard?

GENUINE skeletons for use in medical schools, being scarce and expensive, plastic skeletons are now being manufactured. An early manufacturing difficulty was to find an adhesive that would join the various plastic parts. The problem was solved with special grades of Bostik adhesive. This out-of-the-ordinary example of Bostik's application to industrial

needs may remind you that in your business, there might be a definite use for one or more of the scientifically tested products in the Bostik range of adhesives and sealing compounds. Write to B. B. Chemical Co. Ltd., Ulvercroft Road, Leicester, with brief details of your industrial adhesive problem.

There might well be a use for

Bostik Industrial Adhesives & Sealing Compounds in **YOUR** Business

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN See how Modern Life depends on R-U-B-E-R

ROSS'S *Belfast Ginger Ale*

Ross's Royal Orange Squash is made to the same high standard as is Ross's Ginger Ale

**CLEANS BATHS,
PAINT, COOKERS,
ETC.**



**FOR WOMEN
WHO VALUE THEIR
HANDS AND HOME**

**CONTAINS
GLYCERINE
TO KEEP YOUR
HANDS SOFT**



**1/3
AND
2/6**

GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.1



A glass of robust, invigorating Harvest Burgundy at meal-times brings out the goodness in your food and stimulates digestion. So dine with wine—for well-being and enjoyment.

Burgoyne's
HARVEST
Burgundy
AN EMPIRE WINE

You will also enjoy—
BURGOYNE'S PEARL AMBER BOCK—
VELDT BURGUNDY—OPPER RICH—
GOLDEN FLECK AUSTRALIAN SHERRY



**Wherever there's
something afoot....**

you'll find
PATON'S
shoe and boot
LACES

William Paton Limited
Johnstone • Scotland



ALLEN
RED TRADE MARK

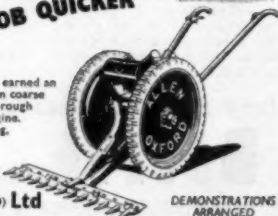
**MOTOR
SCYTHE**

DOES A BETTER JOB QUICKER

The World's finest Motor Scythe has earned an enviable reputation for keeping down coarse grass, bracken and all kinds of rough growth. Self propelled by 1.9 h.p. engine. Attachments available for spraying, hedge cutting, pumping, hoeing, sweeping, rolling, etc.

For further details write to Dept. F

John Allen & Sons (OXFORD) Ltd
COWLEY OXFORD Tel. 7155



DEMONSTRATIONS
ARRANGED



THE BARMAID KNOWS GOOD BEER IS FED




THROUGH STAINLESS TUBES BY TALBOT STEAD *

* The best beer is the cleanest beer, fed at all the stages from making to serving through stainless tubes by Talbot Stead. In industries where hygiene

matters most, in others where strength with lightness counts, you will find Talbot Stead tubes carrying the responsibility—safely and well.

TALBOT STEAD TUBE CO. LTD • GREEN LANE • WALSALL

A  COMPANY

100/108



Tygan is immensely tough, is washable and smart. Just the thing, in fact, for the upholstery in cafés, bars, restaurants, cars and buses. Send for FREE FOLDER with patterns quote ref: A. 8.

Manufactured by Fothergill & Harvey Ltd Harvester House, Peter Street, Manchester 2

WHEN IT'S A QUESTION OF TIME...



'SOMEWHERE in the building' may easily mean half an hour's wait and innumerable interruptions of other people's work and business lost, just because someone 'can't find Mr. Smith'.

This kind of thing does not happen in the best organised businesses. T.R. Staff Location locates anyone in a matter of moments, no matter where they are in the building.

Internal Telephones, Internal Broadcasting Equipment, Time Recorders, installed and maintained under guarantee by Telephone Rentals Ltd.—that's T.R. Service.

 **SERVICE**
speeds production

INTERNAL TELEPHONES for speedy speech contact.

INTERNAL BROADCASTING for staff location, time signals, works relations, announcements and music.

TIME CONTROL for making man-hours more productive.

DETAILS FROM HEAD OFFICE, DEPT. P.15, KENT HOUSE, RUTLAND GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.7, OR NEAREST BRANCH: BELFAST • BIRMINGHAM • BRISTOL • CARDIFF • DUBLIN • GLASGOW • LEEDS • LONDON • MANCHESTER • NEWCASTLE • SHEFFIELD • OVERSEAS: JOHANNESBURG • CAPE TOWN • PARIS • BRUSSELS

40-2 100



TRAVEL IS NO TROUBLE

when American Express look after **everything** for you

Going abroad this year? Then get in touch with American Express. Their travel experts look after all the many details. And equally important — they help you plan a holiday you can enjoy to the full. Remember, American Express take the trouble and you enjoy the trip. For some idea of these inexpensive holidays send for our free, 70-page "Continental Holidays" book to Dept. P.2, American Express, 6 Haymarket, S.W.1. WHfitehall 4411.

AMERICAN EXPRESS



WORLD SERVICE

OFFICES IN BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHAMPTON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, DUBLIN AND BENTALLS, KINGSTON

A STACK OF COMFORT

A comfortable chair — with or without arms. Deep in the seat and nicely padded for bony bodies. A gay-looking chair in two colours — chosen by you out of 16 different colour schemes to match your Concert Hall or Restaurant or Shop. A strong chair of tubular steel, the seat reinforced to hold the biggest, bounciest people. A silent chair with its rubber-soled feet. But above all, a stacking chair which stacks *straight* upright! Thirty-high, easily and safely. 300 on the floor space of ten! We believe you can do with many chairs like this. Write direct to us for leaflet F/2.



sebel

STAK-A-BYE STEEL CHAIRS

WITH OR WITHOUT UPHOLSTERY

There are also Stak-a-Bye and Fold-a-Bye Steel Tables as well as Sebel Industrial Chairs. Write to us for leaflets.

Made by the makers of Mobo Toys.

SEBEL PRODUCTS LTD., 39-41, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
TELEPHONE: TEMPLE BAR 0796-7-8-9. TELEGRAMS: SEBEL, WESCENT, LONDON

CBC

FOR COUNTRY AND TOWN BUILDINGS



Ryders Wall, Nr. Lewes. Architect: F. W. DAVY, A.R.I.B.A., Lewes

Lovely, lasting, decorative finish
preserves walls at low cost

Many houses and estate buildings are crying out for surface repair; further delay may mean serious harm.

Silexine Stone Paint provides a finish beautiful to look at, with remarkable lasting qualities. It is easy to apply and gives real protection against damp. Can be applied direct to most surfaces including new or old cement, concrete, brick, asbestos, etc. Also suitable for interior work. Silexine Stone Paint has stood the test of time (and is regularly used by Public Authorities, and specified by leading Architects throughout the country). Supplied in twelve attractive colours.

Send a postcard and we will forward full details and B.R.S. Report on damp resisting qualities.

**SILEXINE
STONE PAINT**

Made by the Manufacturers of Silexine Plastic Emulsion Coating—S.P.E.C.

SILEXINE PAINTS LTD., 93 GOLDHAWK ROAD, LONDON, W.12

**OUTSTANDING VALUE
IN
LIFE ASSURANCE**



ESTABLISHED 1844

EQUITY & LAW
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

40, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.2



Living Memories...

from your family album!

It's so easy to bring to life those memories from your family album whenever you wish, if you own a G.B.-Bell & Howell "Sportster" 8 mm. Movie Camera fitted with superb Taylor-Hobson lens. Baby's first smile... those wonderful holiday adventures... the once-in-a-lifetime celebrations... you can capture them all in true-to-life moving pictures in black-and-white or COLOUR, with a "Sportster", as easily as taking snapshots. This summer, give yourself and your family the thrill of making your own movies—and remember, the "Sportster" as a wedding gift will ensure that your grandchildren will never grow old!

G.B.-Bell & Howell
Sportster
8 mm. Cine-Camera



And to show your own movies—and professional productions (like Movie-Paks), featuring your favourite Stars—insist on the G.B.-Bell & Howell "Screenmaster" Projector.

See the "Sportster" and the "Screenmaster" at your nearest G.B.-Bell & Howell dealer, or write for full details to:—

G.B. EQUIPMENTS LTD. (Dept. P/4), 37/41, MORTIMER HOUSE, MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

A Company within the I. Arthur Rank Organisation

[Wilson]

The New and Improved HARRY HALL MAC



The finest Mac made today, for all sporting and outdoor occasions. Every feature necessary to keep out wet and cold. The only Mac made with KNEE POCKETS for extra protection.

Prices, Women's - 10 gns.

Men's - 10½ gns.

from the same stable as the famous

HARRY HALL
RIDING BREECHES

235-237, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.1 (Oxford
Circus End). Tel. REGent 4401



INGRAM

combines its own
face lotion



★ The lather goes farther
because it's concentrated

★ It's cooler and smoother
because it's mentholated



INGRAM SHAVING CREAM
lotion and lather in one

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

50/37



CANTERNS
SOMMITORIES
OFFICES
WELFARE CENTRES
FACTORY EXTENSIONS
WORK SHOPS
STORES

An Industrial Problem Solved

FACTORY-MADE UNITS for immediate erection. For Buildings of unlimited length in single span widths from 10ft. to 30ft. Double or triple spans up to 90ft.

Supplied **FREE OF LICENCE**, these Buildings are made from an exceptionally high grade timber. The one illustrated is a typical example, and, according to size, the cost can be as low as 7/- a foot of floor area.

SPECIAL DESIGNS can also be undertaken. The illustrated catalogue (free on request) will suggest many possibilities. Experts are at your service to discuss details.

Blacknells

Factory-Made Buildings For Instant Erection
H. & H. BLACKNELLS LTD.
DEPT. B.3, FARNBOROUGH, HANTS.
Tele: Farnborough, Hants 106 & 107

SELL YOUR JEWELLERY WITH CONFIDENCE

to the century-old firm of **JAMES WALKER**, whose reputation and financial standing guarantee a satisfactory transaction. Specimens offered: 25-50 Gold Alberts and Watches, 25-5000 Diamonds and other Precious Stone Rings, Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, 25-100 Cultured Pearl Necklets. Specially wanted are Antique Garnet or Amethyst suits, Collars, Cups, Trophies, etc. Valuations by experts. Call at one of the 77 Branches or send by registered post to

James Walker

515, CENTURY HOUSE, STREATHAM S.W.10.
Phone: STReatham 2001 (10 lines).

SAVE GARDENING TIME

Made by engineers for lawn lovers, this motor mower has special advantages.



Please write for folder

Royal Enfield MOTOR LAWN MOWER

Foot-starter, high speed cutting cylinder, engine cooled by blower, and chain drive.

THE ENFIELD MOTOR MOWER CO.
(Proprietors: The Enfield Cycle Co. Ltd.)
REDDITCH.

YOU GET MORE FOR YOUR FARE ON PAN AMERICAN

NO FASTER WAY TO 802 CITIES IN U.S.A.!



Your Pan American ticket entitles you to immediate connection with U.S. domestic airlines at New York

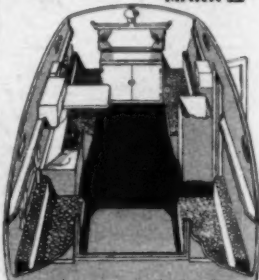
• From London, Glasgow and Shannon, Pan American routes you the fastest way to any of 802 cities in the U.S.A. One through ticket takes you all the way! Most flights across the Atlantic are on double-decked "Strato" Clippers.* Foam-soft berths only £8.19.0 extra. Complimentary drinks, meals and cigarettes. Reduced fares in effect until July 1. Call your Travel Agent, or Pan American, 193/4 Piccadilly, London, W.1 (REGENT 7292)

PAN AMERICAN

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

* Trade Mark, Pan American World Airways, Inc.

ECCLES "ALERT" MARK II



Graceful in line, compact yet roomy, this 14ft. four-berth caravan embodies all the skill and refinement of 30 years manufacturing experience. All aluminium exterior, hardboard interior and metal windows. Dunlopillo mattresses, fitted wardrobe, cocktail cabinet, and full domestic equipment. Write for catalogue of the "Alert" Mk.II and the "Advance"

ECCLES (BIRMINGHAM) LTD.
99 Hazelwell Lane, Birmingham 30
Manufacturers of Eccles Factory Trucks

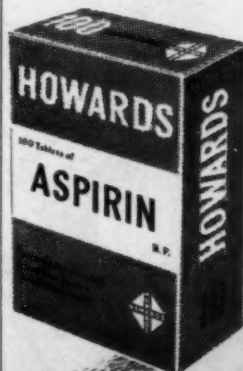
Mask down . . . foil at rest. Now you can relax and enjoy your favourite cigarette, a Mills Special which serves alike to high-light the pleasure of conquest or to soothe the fret of failure. And what a good cigarette it is. Cool, smooth, eminently satisfying.



25
for
5/9



Not the cheapest . . .
but the best



A PRODUCT OF AMALGAMATED TOBACCO CORPORATION LIMITED

When it
comes to
pumping...



THE
Ejectopump

British Patent No. 580792
is handling an amazing number of
products including FOODS,
CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, FATS,
ABRASIVES, LATEX, AND RILGE WATER.
Amongst the many satisfied users are
such firms of world-wide repute as:

Grant Bros. (Meat Canners)
Ltd., Wm. P. Hartley Ltd.,
Leyland Paint & Varnish Co.
Ltd., Lister & Trinidad
Ltd., Asphal Co. Ltd., John
Mackintosh & Sons Ltd.,
Norfolk Canners Ltd.,
Rolls Royce Ltd.

See our
Exhibit
at the
Festival
of
Britain

Write for List 707

Phone:
Dunstable
6961/2/3/4

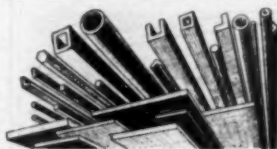
GRESHAM & CRAVEN LTD
DEPT. A - GOSWELL LANE (SALFORD - MANCHESTER 3)

Grams /
Brake
Pump
Manchester

London Technical Representative and Selling Agent: Conway Arnold, A.M.I.Mech.E.,
31 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W.1 Telephone: Whitehall 2881/3 Ext. 12

Wilson

Why
not
make
it in
TUFNOL?



Is there any part of your plant that is not giving service comparable with the rest of the equipment? Failure may be due to corrosion, moisture, extremes of climate, splintering, excessive weight, lack of lubrication or a dozen other reasons; but whatever the cause, there is a great possibility that Tufnol, the synthetic resin-bonded material, will prove to be the solution. The chemical-resisting, electrical-insulating and mechanical qualities of Tufnol make it indispensable for certain purposes. Perhaps Tufnol can help YOU...



TUFNOL
A. E. DUNN

PUT YOUR PROBLEM TO US

Its solution may be in data already collected in various Tufnol publications. If it presents a NEW problem our Technical Staff will take it up with enthusiasm. Why not write TODAY?

TUFNOL LTD • PERRY BARR • BIRMINGHAM • 22B
234P

Quelle
horreur!



What can be more shattering to constructive thought than an imaginary man with a drill in your head? Only a real man with a road drill by your window. But these 'Commandos of the Highway Dept.' do get things done more quickly. Probably on the circuit that makes the darned thing 'pop' is a Transformer, maybe a Parmeko Transformer, doing its work with silent efficiency.

PARMEKO of LEICESTER

Makers of Transformers for the Electronic and Electrical Industries

we can do almost anything...



No... not just another idle statement. We really do make almost anything in metal, though the odds are you'll never believe us. Nevertheless, that's our story and we're sticking to it. Here are just a few of the various types of fabrication we undertake to manufacture: Gear Boxes, Cable Boxes, Chutes, Engine Bed work, all classes of Structural Steel work, Moulds for the Rubber Plastic and Shoe trades, etc. But why not send for our illustrated leaflet, which gives you full particulars, it'll satisfy your curiosity too.

SPENCER & SONS
(MARKET HARBOROUGH) LTD.

GREAT BOWDEN ROAD • MARKET HARBOROUGH 4 TEL.: MKY. 2680 2681/2



ROYAL HOTEL Scarborough

A delightful hotel facing the sea, with outstanding social amenities, music and dancing imaginatively presented, and excellent Yorkshire food.

Accommodation 260.
28/- to 39/- per day
Brochure and Summer Programme from

T. N. LAUGHTON
Managing Director



**NO KNEELING...
NO DIRTY
HANDS
NO
HARD
WORK**
with a



SKYHI MINOR Hydraulic Jack
Slide the long handle under the axle, a few up-and-down strokes and the wheel is clear. A turn or two anti-clockwise and the car is down. The mighty little "MINOR", closed height only 6", lifts 2 tons so easily.
Please write for illustrated leaflet.
ORDER FROM YOUR GARAGE. PRICE 24.7.6



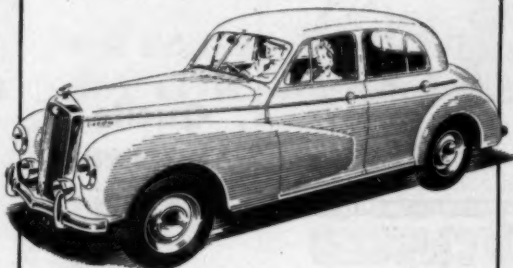
SKYHI LIMITED
Skyhi Works, Worton Rd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

This is the wine
to say 'YES' to!



A distinctive white wine
to be served slightly chilled.
Shipped by
BOUCHARD AINE LTD.
Mayfair, London, W.1

Gracefully Modern Distinctly Wolseley



The "Four Fifty" and "Six Eighty" are silent witnesses that in the hands of Wolseley craftsmen the modern motor car can be a thing of shapely beauty without the loss of an inch of space or a decimal point of performance.



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.
Overseas Business: Nuffield Export Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

London Showrooms: Eustace Watkins Ltd., 12 Berkeley Street, W.1



City Prudential Building Society

(FOUNDED 1908)

Invest with safety and let your money earn a return of

2½%

Income tax borne
by the Society

Interest accrues from day of investment. No charges on investment or withdrawal.

ASSETS EXCEED
£3,000,000

Fuller particulars on request

**17 HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON, E.C.1**
Telephone: City 8323/6

PURELY PERSONAL

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL. "Ourself will mingle with society and play the humble host"—with KING SIX Cigars. 1/9d. each.

Carters (INVALID FURNITURE)



WHEEL CARRYING CHAIRS
Catalogue 4.U

HAND TRICYCLE
Catalogue 9.U

ELECTRIC CARRIAGE
Catalogue 11.U

GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1
Phone: Langham 1049

Glayva
SCOTCH LIQUEUR

In the Best Highland Tradition


RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH



The influence of TI in light engineering is world wide. The 49 British TI factories manufacture a range of products which include precision steel tubes—bicycles and components—aluminium sheet, strip, extrusions and tubes—electrical appliances and accessories—high pressure cylinders—cold rolled metal sections—tubular furniture—gland packings and paint. As direct exports, TI sent overseas last year goods valued at over £14,000,000. Also great quantities of TI products went abroad as parts of finished articles made by many British industries. At home and abroad industry in general, and millions of people, rely on TI's engineering skill, sound craftsmanship and long experience.

T.I.'s 49 FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 • (Trafalgar 5633) 

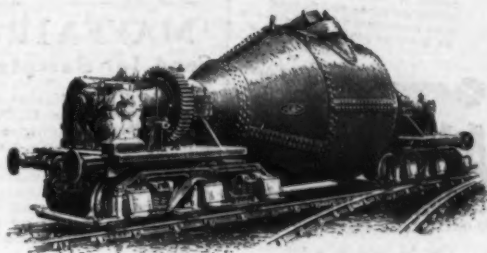
Forging Ahead!

Here the race is to the swift and sure



Swift and sure service is a feature of the **"LONDON & LANCASHIRE" ORGANISATION**
7 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

**It started
158
years ago**



This monster travelling ladle, which itself weighs nearly 80 tons, is capable of receiving 125 tons of molten metal, and storing it in the molten state for up to 36 hours. The Newton Chambers men who made it are justly proud of their work and of the reputation for engineering skill and craftsmanship which they have inherited from their grandfathers and great-grandfathers. For Newton Chambers men have been working in iron since 1793.

Newton Chambers

& COMPANY LIMITED, THORNCLIFFE, NR. SHEFFIELD

IRONFOUNDERS • ENGINEERS • CHEMICAL MANUFACTURERS

It's better with Angostura

SHERRY & BITTERS

With each portion of dry Sherry, include 3 or 4 dashes of ANGOSTURA aromatic bitters. With other-than-dry Sherrins, 4 or 5 dashes per glass will give the best results.

Sherry and bitters is a widely recognised tonic appetizer when properly made, but many have defeated the purpose of the drink by merely swirling the bitters around the inside of the glass instead of blending with the Sherry by stirring thoroughly.

ANGOSTURA AROMATIC BITTERS

32 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS FOR MERIT

Can be used in a 101 food and Drink recipes.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS

(Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons) LIMITED
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I



A sweet pipe. A comfortable pipe. Well-made and well-balanced. A Barling—the pipe that gives perfect pleasure from the first fill. Take care of your Barling Pipe—supplies are still limited.

Barling
LONDON 1812

B. BARLING & SONS
"Pipe makers in London since 1812"

FIRE! WHERE'S YOUR NU-SWIFT?

The World's Fastest Fire Extinguishers
— for every Fire Risk
Pressure-operated by sealed CO₂ Charges
NU-SWIFT LTD • LONDON • YORKS
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy



There's something good on the horizon . . .

for all those who appreciate fine Wines and the choicest of Spirits. Merriman's new list will soon be available—a delightful booklet containing a comprehensive selection of beverages at very reasonable prices. The connoisseur inevitably finds a selection to suit his palate at Merriman's—and to those who would care for a little advice and help in the choice of Wines, when next you are in town and have time to spare, call in at 100 JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Merriman's

'MAYFAIR' CARPETING

"MAYFAIR" Needleloom Carpeting is ideal for CLOSE CARPETING—inexpensively—Living Rooms, Bedrooms, Halls, Corridors, Stairs, etc. It wears well and looks very attractive. Because of its special-sprayed rubber backing you need no underfelt. It is easily cut for fitting, lies flat, needs no sewing or binding.

Heather, Fawn, Brown, Red, Blue and Green—in three widths:

18" wide 12/- per yard

27" wide 17/- per yard

34" wide 33/- per yard



Carriage Free. Send 1/- for samples of the 6 colours. Deferred terms available

PERSIAN DESIGN CARPETS

We have been fortunate in securing a small quantity of very fine rug-carpets, size 6ft. x 4ft. These rugs are made on the Continent by Flemish craftsmen and are in assorted Persian designs. Basic background colours are fawn and rust and the weight of the carpet is about 7lbs. Since it is not possible adequately to describe the full attractiveness of these carpets, we shall be happy to post one to you on approval.

The cost is £4.19.6 carriage free

PARACHUTE SILK All panels guaranteed perfect and free from blemish. Size 1 yard at base, 138 in. long.

Heavy White Pure Silk

1 panel 5/-, post 4d. 3 panels 15/-, post 9d. 6 panels 30/-, post Free

Heavy Coloured Pure Silk (Rose-beige, Sky Blue, Eau-de-Nil)

1 panel 7/-, post 4d. 3 panels 21/-, post 9d. 6 panels 40/-, post Free

MAYFAIR MAIL ORDERS LIMITED

(Dept. 6.) 16 Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4



For your **RHEUMATISM**
take the waters . . . at home!

Vichy-Célestins Spa Water is the pleasant table drink which is universally admitted to possess those high therapeutic qualities which are particularly valuable for sufferers from over-acidity and similar ailments. Consult your doctor.

VICHY-CELESTINS
WORLD FAMOUS FRENCH SPA WATER

Bottled as it flows from the Spring

See that the label bears the name of the Sole Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD., 50 MANCHESTER STREET, LONDON, W.1



Vital care for Vital Hair

If you use Rowland's Macassar Oil, you will be delighted with the vitality of your hair. Dullness will be replaced by a lustre and softness that tell you your hair is in perfect condition!



First made in 1793

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

1481

Deaf?

—then have you heard

... about the new Lectron S.2 Hearing Aid. Its specially constructed microphone mounting and finger tip controls keep noise-producing 'clothes rub' to a minimum, which means better hearing all the time. Weighing only six ounces complete, the S.2 costs only a farthing an hour to run! Yet its tonal qualities are unsurpassed. Write today for seven days free home trial, quite without obligation, or a consultation in your own home if desired. A 24-hour repair service is available for the S.2 and for each of our individual hearing aids.

★ A new leaflet—prepared to help you to get the best possible results from any type of hearing aid—will gladly be sent on request.

PRICE 19 Gns.

Lectron Hearing Aid Co.

116 Victoria St., London, S.W.1 Victoria S474
also at Rostrom House, 11 Park Place, Leeds, 1

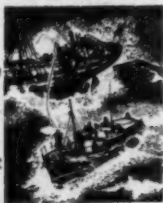
The ideal "get-well" gift for a sick friend

TOILET WATER FOR INVALID USE



A PERFECT PRODUCT OF CHEMISTS LTD.

The Line Throwing Pistol which made this rescue possible cost £43 0. 0.



All Lifeboats are equipped with this life-saving device, which can project a line 250 yards.

Help to provide this safeguard by sending a contribution however small. Your contribution may save a life.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION
43, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., V.C., V.D., Treasurer.
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., Secretary.



For the doctor and the dentist, X-ray photographs provide an invaluable aid to diagnosis. Every day in hospitals everywhere 'Kodak' X-ray film is helping to combat disease and raise the standard of health.



Snapshots make the most of happy days. And 'Kodak' film makes the most of your snapshots. Just two of the many ways in which

KODAK

is serving you through Photography

KODAK LTD · KODAK HOUSE · KINGSWAY · LONDON · W.C.2

'Kodak' is a Registered Trade Mark

VF1/10

All's fair at the fair!

THE Canadian International Trade Fair opens in Toronto on May 28th. Here is a great opportunity to make personal contact with Canadian and American buyers. Valuable dollar business will be yours for the taking. Fly to Toronto yourself in less than a day by Trans-Canada Air Lines from London or Prestwick. T.C.A. service is designed to meet your business requirements. The mighty T.C.A. North Star Skyliners offer friendly comfort with meals and snacks to suit you — and prompt arrival enables you to keep to your business schedule.



SOMEWHERE TO STAY?

If you've any problems about hotel accommodation in Toronto, T.C.A. may be able to solve them. Provided you let your Travel Agent know in time, the T.C.A. Visitors' Bureau in Canada will do their best to help you.

CANADA - only a day by TCA

Full information and reservations from your Travel Agent or from Trans-Canada Air Lines, 27 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. Tel: Whitehall 0851 (Passengers and Air Cargo). Scottish Address: Prestwick Airport, Ayrshire, Scotland. Tel: Glasgow Central 3428 or Prestwick 7272 (Extensions 268/269).



CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT NOW!

SUPER **J.P.** MOWERS

The sign of a good lawnmower

Designed to mow with delightful ease, and engineered to give many years of reliable service.

There is a complete range for your choice: HAND MOWERS include the new popular priced Mk.2 MINOR also PETROL MOTOR and ELECTRIC MODELS, together with special Bowling Green and Golf Green machines.

Consult your dealer, or in case of difficulty write for brochure to :—

THE J.P. ENGINEERING CO. LTD
MEYNELL ROAD · LEICESTER
TELEPHONE 27542 (2 LINES)



Indigestion — man next door knew the answer



FORLORN, unhappy Mr. Bane
Was prone to meal-time stomach pain,
To flatulence and indigestion,
Until he asked a simple question.



SAID next-door-neighbour, Mr. Kane,
Take my advice—so Mr. Bane
Now sucks two Rennies after meals.
How happy now his stomach feels!

Suck two Rennies slowly, like sweets . . . to restore acid balance



Too much stomach acid is often the cause of after-meals pain . . . but abrupt alkalisation can be equally painful. By sucking Rennies slowly, the neutralising agents are gently, quickly, fully absorbed. Drip-by-drip, Rennies restore correct acid balance! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion, do see your doctor. . .

DIGESTIF RENNIES for happy stomachs

Condition counts!

NEVER THIS!



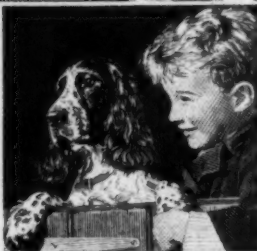
Every dog owner has seen this sorry sight at some time — an unhappy listless dog, leaving his food uneaten, continually scratching. Don't let your dog get like that!



Does your dog look as fit and as well-cared for as these? If not, it's because of your neglect.

Food and regular exercise are not enough. There are certain essential elements which every dog must have every day to be really fit. Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain Vitamin D2 and calcium, Vitamins of the B group and iron (together with copper and cobalt).

Give one Bob Martin's once every day to your dog or puppy, and watch the difference it makes as he comes into condition. His tail will wag his thanks! From all chemists and pet shops.



Daily Bob Martin's - doggy good health

Take years off your feet



If you're on your feet all day and they're tired and aching by evening, put them straight into a Radox footbath. This will take years off your feet. Radox releases oxygen which opens the clogged pores and gets rid of waste acids, leaving your feet eased and comforted.

RADOX

Radox revitalizes weary feet — makes them feel fresh and youthful again.

Radox perfumed 2/6 and 4/6;

Pine 1/10d. and 3/2;

In Packets

Vibration Proof

PLUS . . .

Ermeto joints are unaffected by vibration and, once made, remain pressure-tight for years without further tightening. The joints are capable of withstanding the highest industrial pressures, are quick and simple to use, require no skilled labour, and can be made and broken indefinitely.



Literature available on request

ERMETO

SELF SEAL COUPLINGS

BRITISH ERMETO CORPORATION LTD., MAIDENHEAD, BERKS.



PUNCHBOWLE Tobacco
lost nine years ago, turns up
"as fresh as if it had just
been bought
∞ ∞ *it was indeed a windfall*"

Haywards Heath,
Sussex, 1951.

Dear Sirs,
You may remember sending a supply of Punchbowl tobacco to me when I was serving with my regiment on the North West Frontier in 1942.

Much of this tobacco was smoked, but a few tins were in my kit when the regiment moved to Burma. During transit my kit was lost, only too common a tragedy in those days.

In some miraculous fashion, and through the good offices of the Army authorities, it has just been returned to me in this country. The clothes were unrecognizable with mildew, but the Tobacco was as fresh as if it had just been bought, and in these days at 4/5d. an ounce it was indeed a windfall.

Yours faithfully,
... Ex-Capt. K.O.S.Bs.

Punchbowl is the full strength of Barney's. Smokers of all ages and callings, week by week, from places near and far, write in praise of its constant charm; and grateful and proud we are to publish their spontaneous comments.

All original letters can be inspected at, and further enquiries addressed to, The Barneys Sales Bureau, 24, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

In your quest for a tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barneys—which has won so many friends from the commendations of older smokers. Smokers abroad can arrange for personal dispatches, Ex-bond and British Duty-free, in 2lb. parcels, to many lands, but not, as yet, to all.

(323) ★ Punchbowl (full), Barneys (medium), and Parson's Pleasure (mild).
John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne, Eng.



An energetic blighter!

It's a great thing to be fit for the job, whatever it may be, and in meeting the varied demands of industry for springs and pressings: "fitness for the job" is the big test each one of our products has to pass with flying colours. We ourselves are always in good form to tackle any problem you have on springs or pressings.

THE TEMPERED SPRING COMPANY LTD.
WARREN STREET SHEFFIELD 4 ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

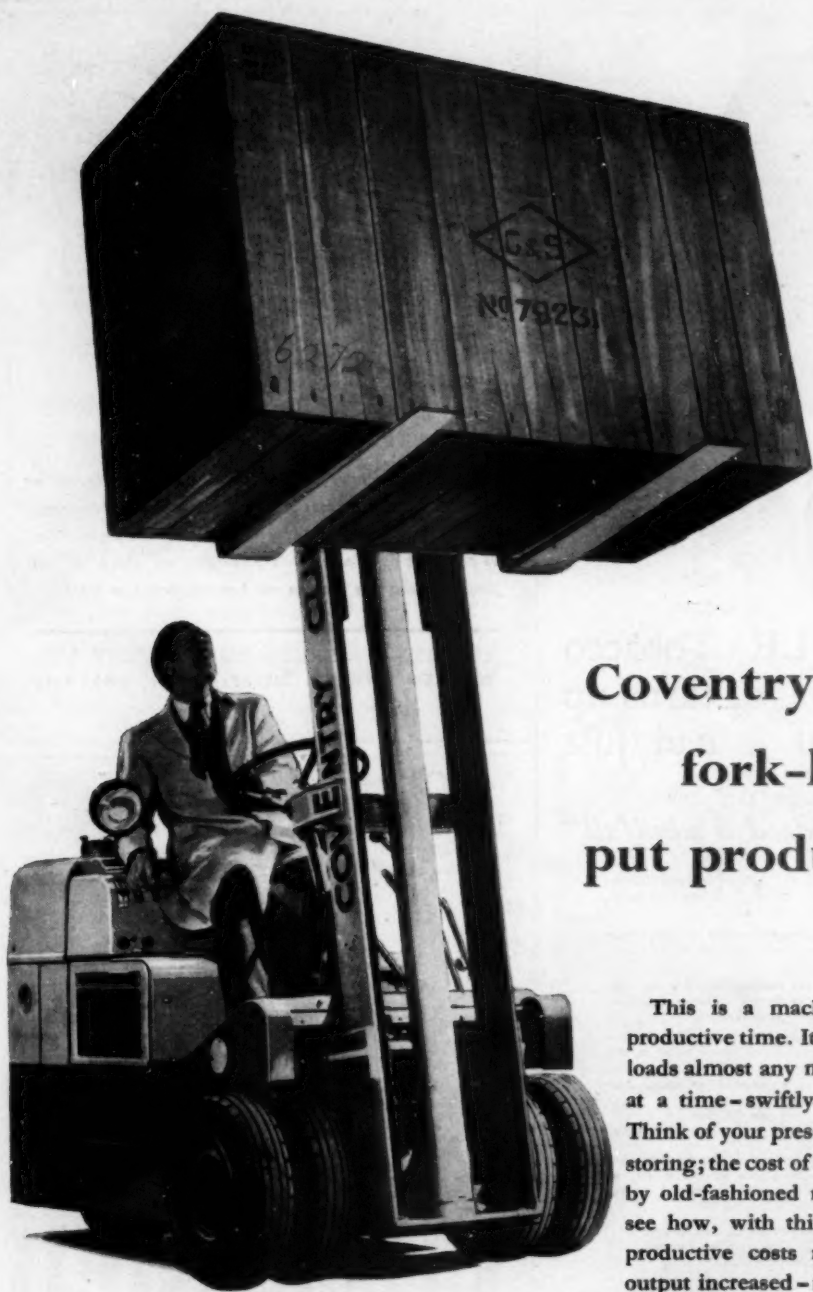
FOURNISSEUR BREVETÉ
DE S.M. L'EMPEREUR



COURVOISIER

★★★ COGNAC VSQP
THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON

Keeps Good Company



Coventry Climax
fork-lift trucks
put production
up!

This is a machine for cutting non-productive time. It carries, lifts, stacks and loads almost any material up to 6,000 lbs. at a time—swiftly, deftly, economically. Think of your present costs in moving and storing; the cost of handling and trundling by old-fashioned methods; and you will see how, with this machine, these non-productive costs may be cut and your output increased—forthwith.

COVENTRY CLIMAX *fork lift trucks*

For details of the trucks best suited to your needs, write to Dept. 13
COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LTD., WIDDRINGTON ROAD WORKS, COVENTRY